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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's



DECEMBER 27, 1982

\$1.25

## The Comic Triumph of SCTV



Comedian  
Andrea Martin





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DECEMBER 27, 1992 VOL. 55 NO. 52

**COVER**

**The comic triumph of SCTV**

As Christmas comes to Melrose, the cast of *SCTV* Network can be forgiven for its warm glow of self-satisfaction from having given its audiences more than just the gift of laughter throughout the year. Thanks to its star's' insouciance and irreverent genius, *SCTV* is nothing less than one of the most successful pieces of television art ever made.

—Page 29



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**The credit crisis**

Debt crises in the Third World, shrinking trade and soaring unemployment have asked urgent calls for reform of the international monetary system.

—Page 20



**What is the winter's tale?**

The early birds predicted a bitterly cold winter as long ago as last spring, but current forecasts are on the milder side—with conclusions decidedly uncertain.

—Page 35



**Walesa's joyless ride**

Marcel law was lifted, but Lech Walesa's detention in Warsaw signalled Poland's intent to confront his continued drive for reform with an iron fist.

—Page 14



**Visions of 1990**

Canada's 11 finance ministers met last week and, with a show of unity rare in the annals of federal-financial relations, said they would stay the course.

—Page 9



## In our midst

High Hamilton is a truer to his country and a regular human being. He should spend the rest of his miserable life in prison doing hard labor! But instead he gets a big color portrait on the cover of *Maclean's*, as if he were some kind of national hero (The Hamilton Spy Web, Cover, Dec. 18). *Maclean's*, you should be ashamed of yourself!

—J. HENRY  
St. Catharines, Ont.

Could it be that the Canadian government had not prosecuted Hugh Hamilton because it was too busy persecuting Peter Teu?

—J. HENRY  
Laval, Que.

## Boney, removed from reality

Regarding *A Growing Anxieties* on Boney's *Remedy* (Hartman, Dec. 18) totalitarianism has become a doctrinaire ideology. It is no further removed from reality than any other ideology. When the government added Gerald Boney's brand of Keynesianism, a most destructive mixture, was created. There is not much time left to implement anti-state secretary and fiscal discipline if we wish to save our future.

—S. E. KILGUSSEY  
St. Bonifacio, Minn.

## Canada-U.S. relations

As a recent subscriber to *Maclean's*, I am not afraid that I am a bit confused and disturbed by some of the anti-American articles that you print. I admit we have almost unbelievable differences. But



Convicted as a spy, a regular, bodier

glitch-speaking Canadian seems to be especially sensitive to U.S. influences in your country. We all live in North America. One way or another, we all share similar cultural experiences and values. You, as Canadians, are things one way, and it may be difficult for you to realize that, as a nation, you have your own standards even though Canada's population represents less than that of New York and Pennsylvania combined. But the toughness that some of your readers need today is for the future. I hope that, in time, we will see each other less as foreigners and more as neighbors as family.

—PAUL DAVID REYNOLDS  
Waukegan, N.Y.

## Creating Chaos

I congratulate you on your foresight in publishing the sentence of nuclear war (*A Dismaying Decision*, Cover, Dec. 18). Perhaps this article will inspire more Canadians to write to the minister of external affairs, urging him to prevent the World Referendum on Disarmament to the United Nations and to take other steps to ensure our neighbors to the south that, far from keeping the peace, they are preparing to create global chaos.

—GREGG F. FORT  
Thurso Island, B.C.

## Hinckley, an conviction

In your Nov. 29 *Reformer* article, *Psycho Party Riff on the Couch*, you state that John Hinckley Jr. was "rehabilitated," and later in the same paragraph reference is made to the "conviction" (*Is Madness's Only cure now more in the English-speaking world that does not know Hinckley was found not guilty by reason of insanity?*)

—JOHN BARNEY  
Welland, Ont.

## PASSAGES

10000000 Lewis Carroll (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson), author of *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass*, with a memorial statue in the Port's Corner of London's Westminster Abbey, almost 80 years after his death at age 45. The statue, set in the shelter near those commemorating Lord Byron, T.S. Eliot and Henry James, was awarded on the 150th anniversary of Carroll's birth.

10000000 Colin Chapman, 34, the founder of Lotus cars, whose Grand Prix racing team won six Formula One world championships of a heroic attack, at his country estate in Norfolk, England. Beginning with a plywood car, which he built in his backyard at age 18, Chapman made Lotus into an internationally known and coveted luxury sports car. At the same time, he introduced such new concepts into auto racing as advanced aerodynamics, four-wheel drive and turbine engines.

100000000 Soviet spy chief Vasily Fedorovich, 64, to minister of internal affairs, replacing Nikolai Shchekolov, 72, a close associate of the late president Leonid Brezhnev. The new head of the KGB is Viktor Chebrikov, 56, one of Fedorovich's deputies. The high-level reorganization of the Soviet security organs means both wings of the security apparatus will be headed by men with a strong KGB background.

1000000000 Katie Harper, 46, and her estranged husband, Sandy Harper, 64, from the March 1982 conviction of first- and second-degree murder respectively, to manslaughter, by a panel of three Manitoba Supreme Court judges and by Chief Justice Rosalind Proulx. Katie Harper's first husband, John Down, died in 1978, apparently by accident. In 1979 she told the RCMP that Sandy Harper had murdered Down, but she never was charged, and acquitted, of first-degree murder in 1979. In 1980 she was granted a new trial. Sandy Harper became a co-defendant when he was charged with first-degree murder in early 1981.

100000000 Roy L. Williams, 67, president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, of conspiring to bribe U.S. Senator Edward W. Brooke and defrauding the union's pension fund, by a jury, in Chicago. Williams, who was found guilty along with four other men, was accused of offering Chicago a parcel of Teamster-owned property in his home state of Nevada, at a reduced price, in return for the delay or defeat of a measure to deregulate trucking freight rates.

## Shifting the establishment

It is heartening to read that the province of Alberta is using some of the income from its Heritage Fund to support medical research (A From-Brain Research, Follow-up, Nov. 20). However, among Jerry Wang's moves to Alberta as an example is misleading. Wang is not moving to Alberta from Iowa, as the article implies, he has, in fact, been at the University of Manitoba for the past 18 years.

—JESS C. HEDGECOCK  
Winnipeg

## A nation of 24 million ages

So CP Air brings in an Amendment to run the airline (CP Air Flies on Her Own, December, Nov. 20). Do we not fly in America to run out of companies and banks and to staff our universities? Perhaps Canada does not have enough educated and/or trained persons to run itself. Let us not blame the Americans but rather the 24 million ages in the bank and the select elite serving on our search boards. We do not need jobs, we need preparation and an industrial and manufacturing strategy, coupled with some individual initiative and self-responsibility.

—WILLIAM D. BELL  
Cranbrook, B.C.

## Their turn will come

Thank you, Robert Thomas Allen, for going to but far as in your Nov. 20 *Pondus*, *Retiring Little Old Stereotypes*. As a senior citizen I would like to say that your article reveals a gallery that really appears in our present lifestyle, and I love you for it. But be of good cheer, Robert. We are not as helpless as we look. Inside many a frail little body with creaking joints and stiff muscles lurks a stout heart, a sharp mind and a keen sense of humor. Let your laugh at us if they will in 30 years they will be taking our place.

—VIRGINIA CLYDE  
Port Perry, Ont.

## An end to blood money

One can only praise your reporter for her handling of the awful accident on the Nov. 29 article *Luring Off the Road of October* (Canada). I do not know how "human" Labor Minister Pierre Laporte's murder was or how "unfortunate" his body was in the trunk of the car or how much "suffering" his murderers went through. If Francis Bernard can still act in the manner your writer suggests, maybe he has not suffered enough. I doubt the same can be said for Laporte's family.

—R. K. KALLAP  
Saskatoon, Sask.

The government should draft amendments to the Criminal Code as early as possible to prevent murderers from

making money from their crimes. Where is the law and cry from concerned Canadians citizens?

—BETTY CHAPMAN  
Riverside, N.B.

## Humanity's choice

I am deeply disturbed by your article *The Bishop's Enter the Nuclear Debate* (World, Nov. 20), which was clearly supportive of President Reagan's arms building and of his decision to retain the option of first use. To say that "it is foolish to believe that chrysomids can minister the arcane rituals [sic] of weaponry, tactics and strategies needed to sustain... the value of deterrence" is to

perpetuate irresponsibly the destructive myth that no one except Pentagon officials is competent enough to determine the fate of the human race. Knowing, among other things, that there are 50,000 nuclear warheads in existence now and that a new Soviet *de l'Evry* system, the cruise missile, may be deployed in Western Europe next year, I do not consider myself foolish in asserting that deterrence is a fable.

—KATHY PERRELLA  
Port Hope, Ont.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply some address and telephone number. Most correspondence is left open to the Editor. *Maclean's* magazine and *CPA* Chemistry Inc., Toronto, Ont., M1W 1A7.



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# An unproven treatment with a high cost

By Jackie Curlos

**F**ifty-eight-year-old Irene St. Jean and her family decided last April that she should go to the tiny clinic of Dr. Stanislaw Borynski in Houston after surgery failed to arrest St. Jean's cancer of the esophagus. The chance had spread to her liver, and the family felt that Borynski's clinic was the last hope. St. Jean spent four weeks there before returning home to continue treatment. When she died on Dec. 8, a pneumonia was approaching \$60,000. St. Jean's 20-year-old son, Maurice, says bitterly that "as well as being emotionally devastated [the family is] financially devastated." Like the St. Jeans, an estimated 75,000 desperate Canadians, including by a flurry of Canadian media stories (prompted, one in Toronto's March 3, 1992, issue, and the spring, travelled to Houston in search of a cure.

The 30-year-old Borynski's cancer treatment consists of a drug that he calls "antioxiphothion." Although the substance was originally made from human urine obtained from Texas prisoners, demand for the drug increased and Borynski decided to develop synthetic antioxiphothion in his new \$4-million manufacturing plant. The big question still unanswered is what, if anything, is the evidence that the drug would legitimately qualify it as a cancer cure.

Until now Borynski has not had to prove to the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) that his drug has undergone animal testing after its 1977 inspection of Borynski's facilities, which opened in that same year, the FDA decided that the clinic fell under the jurisdiction of Texas, which does not require animal testing of a drug being privately administered. Still, last spring Paul Sage, an assistant to the director of the Inpatient Department at the FDA, complied with the American Cancer Society's request for information by stating in a letter that "the FDA advises persons who request about Borynski's alleged new drug that we do not believe the drug is fit for administration

to humans and that there is no reason to believe Dr. Borynski has discovered an effective cure for cancer."

That opinion was seconded by two Toronto cancer specialists—Dr. Martin Baruch, director of oncology at Mount Sinai Hospital, and Dr. Daniel Borge, chief of medicine at Princess Margaret Hospital—who travelled to Houston last month to assess whether or not Borynski's treatment should be covered by the Ontario Health Insurance

plan. They are treated on an outpatient basis for an average of four weeks. Each daily treatment with antioxiphothion costs \$100. Each consultation with Borynski adds another \$50 to the bill. And the costs do not necessarily end with treatment at the clinic, because Borynski advises most patients to continue with daily antioxiphothion treatments.

But surplus of the drug are now threatened. After the FDA recently disclosed that it had discovered evidence that the antioxiphothion was being shipped across the state line, which could place the clinic under federal jurisdiction, a spokesman for the clinic, identified Borynski's clinic shipping of the drug will cease after Dec. 31. This news is most disturbing to people like Stephanie Kozan, a 20-year-old doctor, Ont., whose wife's cancer of the cheek, she says, responded favorably to Borynski's treatment. Says her father, Boyle, who was laid off from his last spring: "I will draw to Houston a couple of times a month if I have to."

The upcoming election in obtaining the drug is not the only complication to surface. Borynski has talked to two patients who returned by bus from Houston after their funds were exhausted. Once back, the patients experienced a problem: the cabs at the base of their shelter, through which they rejected the treatment, had not been renewed, giving rise to rejection. Explains Borynski: "They got infections around [the collarbone] line, and one got septicaemia [blood poisoning] and died."

Although the U.S. National Cancer Institute says that only one out of every 5,000 experimental cancer compounds proves sufficiently effective, after animal testing, to be tried in humans, there is a desperate hopefulness that drives Canadians to Borynski's clinic. Says David MacKenzie, chief of oncology, 50-year-old wife, Rena, died last May, two weeks after starting Borynski's clinic. "I had to try. I would have done anything to save my life."

With Adele Cohen in Toronto, David Pines in Windsor and William Gray in Vancouver.



Borynski (left), MacKenzie, distressed and hospitalized relatives remain

## COLUMN

# Who said Canada was dull?

By Charles Gordon

**"T**he nation that it is boring usually reflects simple ignorance about the world's second-largest country." —The Economist

The revised British weekly probed the assessment, back in March, Canada, in 1992, has shown just how right it was. "Diversity and immensely creative stimulating strains," The Economist added. The question of the year illustrates the point. For example:

"From this angle, I'd be pessimist."

—Police officer

The police officer was looking at photographs of certain, on activities taking place in street level, near Hamilton, Ont., alleged to be a non-violent bandy house. He had been asked to describe what was taking place, which he did in a very plain manner. Another officer, peering under the tent floor, saw 30 couples engaged in sexual activities and "one couple whose activities he could not determine."

Others may not always know what it is, but Ontario knows what it likes. This was evident in a letter received by three men living in a Mississippi condominium:

"It was brought to my attention that you have a Canadian flag in the bedroom window. Please be advised that this is an expense to the condominium, and we are requesting that you remove it immediately."

—Letter from a property manager

In a boring country, such as The Economist remarks on this item, the flag would not be removed, so an eye-witness to a wealthy expatriate be heard to say:

"I just got out of Canada."

—Don Lever, Colorado Rockies

This was not the case with the Rockies, who had crawled under barred wire to freedom on a moonless night. This was the hockey player's reaction to reason last February that his team would be moving to Toronto, a suburb of Ottawa. Lever had nothing against Naples. It was his Rockies' Canada team that bothered him.

Happily for Lever, the Colorado Rockies moved to New Jersey, thus losing the opportunity to become the Naples Rockies. As for the tax situation, Naples, which once meant Borynski, was addressing that very situation in New York that same month.

"If the pressure of economic and social hardship becomes too strong for the governments to bear, the result will be

national policies which will stem from our individual and economic interest to re-establishing constitutional monarchy."

MacKenzie was making a threat if the Americans did not solve our economic problems for us, so, we might try to solve their problems. Fortunately for Canada-U.S. relations, this has not happened. Unfortunately for Canada-U.S. relations, the U.S. ambassador later made a speech:

"The ambassador interjects how much in Canada affairs, not so much as in the case of the United States, is a country and its people."

—Nir editorial

The ambassador had spoken eloquently of the National Energy Program, the Foreign Investment Review Agency and the new immigration law, which he called "above off." This led the Nir critic to conclude that the ambassador had too many opinions, although she did not

**"If the Americans do not solve our economic problems for us soon, we might try to solve them for ourselves"**

specify how many were allowed and how far over the limit the ambassador was. The ambassador was not the only American to offer extensive comments on important aspects of Canadian life. Roy is a respected and distinguished U.S. commentator who heard to observe:

"The Queen must like office."

—Nir football commentator

The commentator, one of these barely qualified commentators on Canadian football, was asked to comment on the National Football League strike. His comment was sparked by his wonderment over the width of the field and the high score of the game. It did not occur to him to comment on the fact that the game could have been held in his Majesty, in fact, prefer special teams. He just blurted it out.

It is gratifying to be able to report that Canadians themselves were more respectful of the Royal Family. For example, headlines in newspapers were able to place Britain's action in perspective as Her Majesty, in fact, prefer special teams. He just blurted it out.

"Andrew and Royal Navy to Rescue Poole's..." —Toronto Star headline

Andrew's mother, of course, was later to have a chance to make a contribution

of her own to the Canadian drama. Presiding over ceremonies to mark the proclamation of the new Constitution, Her Majesty read the eloquently Canadian words that would set the nation's feet to marching.

And whereas Section 31 of the Constitution Act, which sets out Section 31 of the Constitution Act, 1982, shall, subject to Section 31 thereof, come into force on a day to be fixed by proclamation issued under the Great Seal of Canada.

Perhaps an even greater contribution was to put the prime minister in a generous mood, which he decided to celebrate by making himself available to the press. Trudeau would talk to anybody as long as he was in another country, by himself, and did not intend to ask anything questions. A respected foreign newspaper provided the perfect context:

"I want to return you from all contemporary questions, and talk to you, philosopher with you, if I may."

—James Reston, The New York Times

The prime minister thought that was a very perceptive approach. Reston had joined the list of celebrity-building profile pictures that also included David Frost, the British supervisor, who asked Trudeau the following tonight:

"How would you describe the joys of fatherhood?" The prime minister's answer has been lost to posterity, but surely it cannot have expressed the character of his nation better than a statement by Canada Post:

"I enter into my home to be a better man, only if it is within work, or attachment in other, modifiable material."

—Canada Post

This definition was born after almost a year of controversy involving Canada Post's advertising campaign, which included, from hand-delivering such things as hydro bills, thus saving thousands of dollars in postage. A letter, Canada Post added helpfully, "is a mischievous matter in any form, the mass of which, if not, does not end in 500 years, neither or not enclosed in an envelope, and intended for transmission to any destination or delivery to any address."

The cabinet, claiming to understand that, has reported it, and Canada Post has been instructed to say what a letter is again. Somehow, Canadians will receive letters, whenever they are.

Charles Gordon is a columnist for the Ottawa Citizen.



# Facing up to visions of 1930



Quebec's Jacques Parizeau (left), Ontario's Frank Miller (center) and economist speak of peak-up demand out of peak-up fear

By Ian Anderson

In startling contrast to the usual harp-bawling of federal government relations, the meeting last week ended on a surprising note. Canada's 11 ministers of finance agreed to co-operate. The rare show of unity was itself a gross acknowledgment that the nation has plunged into an economic crisis rivaling the Great Depression. In fact, the previous dovishness among the money chieftains was a partial explanation for today's hard times. In view of their past performance, the new vow to rally around the flag was a step forward.

As for the rest of the show, the ministers met on at Moose Lake, in the hills north of Ottawa, in what was largely smoke and mirrors. For Canada's 2.5 million unemployed there was talk of low-budget job creation programs. For the provinces who determine the level of Canada's dollar and interest rates, there was a commitment to slightly loosen the hard line on government spending.

In the words of Quebec's Jacques Parizeau, the 11 men concurred on "general threats." The key area will be employment support for the housing industry, since, as Parizeau acknowledged, governments can make as much in new taxes as they take out in subsidies to buyers. Transportation and energy will also get boosts. And there are implicit plans for a creative new mu-

nicipal bond on which buyers would pay no capital gains tax on interest, taxes and cities could use the funds for public works such as road building.

The ministers recognized the depths to which the economy has plummeted and the degree to which they are helpless to act. In one year Canada's wealth-producing private sector has lost 565,000 jobs. Ontario alone has lost 395,000 private-sector jobs. British Columbia, 180,000. Quebec, 90,000. Despite claims of austerity, governments have actually added 81,000 people to their public-sector payrolls—with British Columbia, and the Conservative provinces of Alberta and Newfoundland leading the way. But the increase is hardly a dent in the job-loss total. Canadians have defied economic convention by saving at record rates—33 cents of every dollar saved—even though 33 per cent before inflation will continue to fall over the next six months. Economists as long-speak of peak-up demand, but of peak-up fear. According to the Toronto pollsters, Debra Research Ltd., two out of three Canadians are worried about losing their jobs. For this reason, the Debra researchers believe that they cannot supply out taxes to stimulate demand, since consumers will continue to squelch away any windfalls in the bank. According to Finance Minister Marc Lalonde, any cut in corporate taxes likewise will prompt companies to

use new funds to pay off their debts instead of buying new equipment for plants, which, in the manufacturing sector, are running at just 60 per cent capacity.

One disturbing parallel with the 1930s is that consumer confidence was also hit. It to be the largest impediment to economic recovery. In his inaugural address of 1933, naming U.S. President Franklin Roosevelt's thundered that "the only thing we have to fear is fear itself." In more prosaic fashion, Lalonde believes Canadian consumers will come to feel that lower inflation and interest rates are here to stay and will finally start spending again. "People are so fearful they will see what's happening," said Lalonde last week.

Another way Lalonde could try to kick the economy into gear would be to widen as already issued \$20-billion federal deficit to finance new government spending. So far, he and the provincial finance ministers have ruled out any multi-billion-dollar stimulus for fear of its negative effect on business confidence. Such so-called Keynesian stimulus was the essence of Roosevelt's "New Deal" of the 1930s, but he started with a balanced budget and an accumulated debt. According to Debra Research, manager for economic research in international money markets at the Royal Bank of Canada, any expensive job-creation measures by Lalonde would

kill the market that "government has to attract funds and therefore needs higher interest rates." Lalonde is also worried that another rise in interest rates will only send consumers deeper into their hiberna. "It's a psychological problem," says Robert Bryce, the 40-year-old and former deputy minister of finance under John Diefenbaker, whose advice has been sought by governments for more than 40 years. "If you're going to give in now and start throwing money at the situation, then how are people ever going to believe you'll ever be serious about inflation?"

The good news for Lalonde is that the Canadian dollar is showing what Guelco terms remarkable strength, given the terms in the third quarter (July to September) Canada gained more investment capital than it lost for the first time in 18 months. Yet the \$700-million gain for the quarter is dwarfed by the \$6.4 billion that has fled the country since 1981. The shrinking economy has also meant that Canadians are buying fewer exports, hence the trade surplus has mushroomed. This has strengthened the dollar and allowed Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Bony to lower interest rates to within two per cent of the U.S. rate, even though Debra's inflation remains four per cent higher. The volume of incoming money has effectively cancelled the negative effect of a lower return for money invested in Canada savings accounts, Guelco says. Both Canada and the United States' interest rates last week, yet Canada's decision to cut a quarter percentage more than Washington still left the dollar unchallenged at 89 cents (U.S.). Lalonde believes U.S. rates will continue to decline in 1983 as Americans struggle to jumpstart their economy. This, he says, would help to keep interest rates falling to the point where there will be little room for people to continue saving. Even so, bank savings accounts yielding 6.5 per cent beg behind inflation.

Robert Bryce, contemplating the 1930s, recalls a less complicated era than the current one. The problem then, he says, was to get prices up, so planners welcomed inflation, instead of fearing it. Government economists of the day thought they understood what levers to pull to engineer recovery. Now the machine is so infinitely more complicated that such back-trigger initiative has potentially disastrous effects—the worst of which may be to make consumers even more pessimistic.

Canada's financial situation is not so much a new deal, Bryce says, but a search of a new deal, they only want to assure that the old deal does not completely crumble. For that reason, the smallest considerations of the 11 were more than just a good start. It amounted to a rethinking long forward. ☐

## Make-work for the military



Soldiers on maintenance jobs for 25,000 young people at a weekend's notice

I sounded almost too good to be true. For the relatively modest cost of \$200 million, the armed forces were prepared to sign up 25,000 young people and place them in two-year job-training programs in every part of the country. What the program was presented to disgruntled Liberal MPs at last week's closed-door caucus meeting by the party's Committee on Youth, the room suddenly came alive. "Think of the multiplier effect when these kids spend their money," raved one back-bencher. "Every hamburger joint and Radio Shack will be hiring rates staff."

Although cabinet has toyed with various job corps schemes for two months and the new scheme has its opponents, there are several powerful endorsements to act fast. If the defence department plan receives government approval by Christmas, Maclean's has learned, it could be under way by Feb. 1, according to a secret cabinet document prepared by senior military officials. To add to the urgency, the scheme has now caught the imagination of a vocal group of Liberal MPs that is pushing the government to relax its anti-inflation battle and concentrate on creating jobs. "A lot of us feel the government is just appeasing the point of an return," explained one disenchanted back-benchers. "If there isn't a major economic shift soon, we can write off the next election as matter who our leader is."

The beauty of the defence department proposal, according to proponents, is

that the key elements of the program are in place now. The military bases and training programs already exist. The armed forces have a waiting list of 35,000 young people who have passed their minimum examinations and are desperate to be called up. The two main obstacles are money and the country's military manpower ceiling of 80,000. Unlike many of the government's current job-creation schemes, the military plan would be aimed specifically at 15- to 25-year-olds—the estimated 500,000 young people who fear that, with 13.3 per cent unemployment, they may become the last generation.

The scheme has its opponents. Employment Minister Lloyd Axworthy is one of its strongest critics. He jealously guards his jurisdiction over job-creation programs, expelled a Liberal colleague, and can be expected to fight fiercely to make sure that every cent of available make-work money goes to him, not to Defence Minister Gilles Lacoste. The second troubling cabinet function is a vaguely defined group of ministers that is philosophically opposed to any expansion of the military.

Several elements of the program remain unclear, including its scope and precise cost. But, as Canada headed into its bleakest Christmas since the Great Depression, facts and figures were not what most MPs needed to take home with them. They wanted a splash of hope. —CAROL GORE IN OTTAWA

## Progress amid the acrimony

It is a winter when angling unemployment and phony production have been pined so heavily into the phrase "record-breaking." Parliament has quietly broken a record of its own. The current session had chalked up as unprecedented 411 days as MPs prepared to face the capital this week for their 35-day Christmas recess. And, when the warlike resumes, it appears likely to continue through most of January. Until the session ends, Canadians will have to wait for the throne speech which Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau has promised "will represent all that is positive and bold and dynamic about the Liberal party."

The 49th days of a session are rarely unpropitious, but last week's angry floor-up over a year-old agricultural bill was truly typical of almost the entire 32nd Parliament. When the government tried to cut off debate on Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan's contentious Cereals scheme to set up a Crown corporation that would sell agricultural goods abroad, the House erupted in a conglomeration of characterful, angry exclamations and petty bickering.

In spite of the wrangling, the past two months have provided several genuine accomplishments. Finance Minister Marc Lalonde opened the sitting with a well-merited rebuke: "While offering a modest \$1.1 billion in new job creation funds and pledging a deficit of \$22.6 billion—latest estimates point to a shortfall of between \$26 billion and \$30 billion—Lalonde's economic statement did much to ease the financial uncertainty that has bedeviled business in responsible hands. Two weeks later the Appleton-Hobart Committee released its long-awaited cultural review plan, prompting Communications Minister Francis Fox to set up a cabinet task force to oversee the government's 30-year-old cultural policy. And, 30 days after that, Indian Affairs Minister John Munro announced that the federal government had finally agreed in principle to split the Northwest Territories in two—a commitment hailed as historic by Inuit leaders.

The eight-week sitting also afforded some flashes of fine drama. For two straight weeks, the Commons became the key scene of the action in a gripping international espionage case. One day, Solicitor General Robert Kaplan belted and wanted to perry-perry questions about the government's curiously unduly treatment of Canadian spy Hugh Hamilton. Meanwhile, a British court sentenced the economic professor to 16 years in prison

for passing classified NATO information to Soviet agents in the late 1960s. If spies and intrigue caused the head-lines, the deteriorating economy was Parliament's chief preoccupation. Between October and December MPs watched the country's unemployment rate jump to 12.7 per cent from an already unprecedented 11.3 per cent. The national output dropped for its fifth consecutive quarter, housing starts were down 30 per cent from a year ago, and corporate profits were 25 per cent below last fall's levels. The only bright spots were insurance, which has fallen to 30 per cent from 11.7 per cent a year ago, and interest rates, which have been

the task that kept Parliament busy for most of the fall sitting. There was one bill to bring old-age pensions under the guidelines, and another for family allowances and a third for public service pensions. While most Canadians accepted—and some applauded—the restrained program, the government's own unions lobbied vigorously against it, staging a mass rally on Parliament Hill late last week. It will take a few days in January to tidy up the final details of the program, but most of the important pieces are now in place.

For a sitting lasting a mere 36 days, Parliament managed to clear away a fair amount of paperwork. But Lalonde has said that the session will not be closed until the House passes a four-page, 380-page bill containing more than 370 amendments to the Income Tax Act. The changes cover Lalonde's own meagre budget as well as Allan Rock's two budgets. The omnibus bill is exactly the kind of legislation that caused the Tories to close the Commons for two weeks in March when the government tried to pack its massive National Energy Program into a single act of Parliament. When the bells started ringing the members in their seats finally stopped clapping after 11 days. Critics insist that the Tories would take up the fight again if the government ever presented the House with another huge, unmanageable bill.

The content of bills is only one of the ups and downs Parliament can expect when it returns in January. As a speaker will inevitably erupt when a Liberal Trudeau returns from his 18-day trip to eight countries in the South Pacific. And there is almost sure to be one last burst of anger from public servants as the House votes their pension guidelines into law. At the same time, however, MPs can look forward to a few positive changes. All parties agreed to cancel evening sittings, which means that a few tired members will no longer have to sit until 11:30 p.m. in the almost deserted chamber three nights a week. And 90% speeches will be limited to 20 minutes instead of the current 40—a relief to most of a few long-winded orators. As well, fixed adjournment dates will be set for Parliament's Christmas and throne recesses, preventing a few MPs from holding the House hostage at the end of the session while they wait for greivances.

Clearly, these minor rule changes will do little to satisfy the yearning for new ideas and fresh starts that has run rampant behind the House's back since the end of the session. Trudeau, at last month's Liberal convention, urged all Canadians to join the government in a national rebuilding program. But he has yet to say when it begins.

—CAROL BRUCE in Ottawa.



Condemning Whelan, an angry floor-up

dropping for the past six months. Progress on these fronts, however, was not enough to induce a vote to the session which has gripped the economy since mid-1981. Prime Minister Trudeau's response to the autumn onslaught of economic gloom was to appoint outgoing Liberal leadership candidate Donald MacDonald to head a royal commission on Canada's economic prospects and to assure Canadians that the government's non-month-old voluntary restraint program is working.

Laying the legal groundwork for the "Six-and-Sixty" restraint strategy was

## QUEBEC

### A chilling chain reaction

Light went out, farmers stopped, shivers ensued, and commuters shivered down. But most Quebecers faced a province-wide electrical blackout last Tuesday with remarkable composure. Many offices closed soon after the trouble began—the 1:22 p.m. explosion in a transformer on a line of the province's main electrical service corridor in Lévis, south of Québec City. In Montreal, volunteers directed cars through stalled traffic while Métro employees led about 1,200 trapped subway passengers through underground passages to the nearest stations. (Emergency transportation allowed most cars between stations to move to the next stop.) Although electric buses crawled through the streets picking up commuters, many people chose to ankle into candlelit bars to sit out the power breakdowns.

Given the criminals released, police reported that crimes were down 30 per cent during the three-hour blackout. In fact, the only frantic activity seemed to be at Hydro-Québec's Montreal headquarters, where engineers, monitoring their grids, watched in dismay as transformer after transformer blew down. The following day, while 130,000 of the province's 2.4 million hydro clients still shivered—some of them in temperatures as low as -30 C—Hydro's director of systems operations, Jacques Gervais, cheerfully quipped: "We lost two superlines in less than five seconds. If the breakdowns had occurred a couple of minutes apart, no one would have even noticed."

The explosion, possibly caused by a single oil leak in a small regulating transformer at the Lévis station, blasted debris into two major high tension lines, feeding power from Churchill Falls and, which then failed, Hydro-Québec engineers tried to redirect power from its source—only James Bay—only to find that incompatible equipment could not handle the job.

Enough power trickled into Montreal by 4:45 p.m.—sufficiently at that time of day—to start up the subway system and turn on traffic lights by dawn. Thousands of households had turned on stoves, lights and TVs and pushed thermostats up high to compensate for the hours without heat. Small handfuls of local residents had snail-drawn their cars to the highway and it was not until Thursday that smaller communities regained uninterrupted light and heat.

—ANNE BELLIC in Montreal



Indians outside the Anglican church in Old Crow: protest rmp for a settlement

## YUKON

### A settlement for the Yukon

Poresses started ringing in the offices of the Council for Yukon Indians (CYI) last week, shortly after Ottawa's landmark announcement that it will pay \$183 million to settle one of the largest native land claims in Canadian history. The calls were not from strident wild-wilds—they were from high-powered consultants and northern politicians offering to help the Yukon's 6,500 Indians spend their new-found windfall. The effective reply? Don't tell us, we'll tell you.

Although the announcement of the deal by federal Indian Affairs Minister John Munro marked the end of the 16-year-old negotiations and opened the door as a new era of prosperity in the Yukon, the agreement is by no means sealed. Munro was relieved that money, the most difficult and most contentious element, was resolved. But, according to Mike Smith, land claims spokesman for the CYI, the money cannot be viewed in isolation. Among other settlement issues are the disposition of resource revenue and land and constitutional rights.

As part of the agreement, the Yukon Indians will give up their claim to most of the Yukon's 587,000-square-mile territory. In return, the Indians, who live in 12 communities scattered throughout the territory, will receive their money over a 50-year period. Of the total, \$138 million will be reserved strictly for land compensation, while the Indians will use the remaining \$50 million to run their own schools and social services.

One of the major issues still to be settled is how resource revenues will be split with the Indians. Another hurdle is the constitutional definition of Indian status in the Yukon after the settlement.

In return for paying property and income tax, the Indians are asking for money to central social programs. They also want to be eligible for meaningful grant programs that would allow them to get water and sewer services into native communities. On the other hand, they agreed to give up unlimited hunting rights in exchange for 50-per-cent representation on a Yukon wildlife management board and a guaranteed quota of moose and caribou.

The Yukon territorial government threatens to fight for its own demands. Government Leader Chris Pearson says that the Yukon government will not sign a land claims agreement unless Ottawa gives the territory control over most of its unoccupied Crown lands. Or, in contrast, wants to retain control over the majority of the Crown lands in the Yukon. An agreement where unemployment is at least 25 per cent and where mines are closing like doors. For one thing, settlement of the claim will mean the end of a virtual freeze on new development over the past four years because of uncertainties surrounding the title to the land. Not only will the exploration crews be back, but the phones will start ringing in earnest. —LESLIE COLE in Whitehorse.

# THE GROWTH-EDGE



## Oil and Gas

PacCanadian  
Petroleum Limited

## Mines and Minerals

Cominco Ltd.  
Fording Coal Limited  
Steep Rock  
Iron Mines Limited

## Forest Products

GP Inc.  
Great Lakes Forest  
Products Limited  
Pacific Forest  
Products Limited  
Carnwood Properties,  
Limited

## Iron and Steel

The Algoma Steel  
Corporation, Limited  
AMCA International  
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## Real Estate

Marathon Realty  
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# Walesa's joyless ride

By Peter Lewis

The operation was carried out with ruthless military precision. Freeholders of the pre-communist, state-wielding 1980 riot police blocked approaches to the giant Theresia monument commemorating the scores of martyrs in the 1979 Gdansk shipyard uprising. Almost simultaneously, other contingents snuffed off former Solidarity leader Lech Walesa's apartment block in the working-class suburb of Zaspa. Minutes later, two black Mercedes sedans with Warsaw license plates drove up outside the building. A pair of police armed with machine-guns and crowbars entered and later emerged with Walesa. They whisked him away to an undisclosed destination.

By early evening Walesa was safely back home with his wife, Danuta, and seven children. But the military authorities succeeded in preventing Walesa from keeping his first public appearance since his release from detention a month earlier: a speech to crowds at the monument on the anniversary of the shipyard workers' deaths. They also delivered a sharp warning about the limited scope of their planned steps to reimpose martial law on Dec. 13. Solid French Foreign Minister Claude Chirac, summing up the prevailing Western view: "A lesson might be over again for Poland. The military will see all its powers."

The drama of Walesa's apparent detention—at a press conference he later termed it "kidnapping"—only four weeks after his 11-month incarceration, was played out in the full glare of world attention. As police blockade the apartment block key symbols, Solidarity supporters and reporters at a distance, calls to Walesa's home went unanswered. Then Walesa, dressed in casual wear, was led to one of the mating cars and driven away. From that moment until the former union chief's reappearance nine hours later, all attempts to trace him failed. Poland's state radio said that he had been taken to answer a



Gdansk monument: a sudden sight on Poland

prosecutor's summons, issued the previous day, in connection with alleged irregularities in the accounts of Solidarity's local branch. Asked if Walesa had been detained, a police spokesman in Gdansk answered: "Absolutely not. Mr. Walesa is free." But that did not allay international concern. While House Press Secretary Larry Speakes expressed Washington's deep anxiety, French Prime Minister Mauro broke off the National Assembly debate to read a statement spelling out his country's indignation, and the West German government issued a demand for Walesa's immediate release.

The former union chief's supporters

in Gdansk were equally outraged. Hundreds defied the presence of 3,000 units to approach the monument and chant "Free Lech. Free Lech." The gathering broke up without incident. But in the tense atmosphere, 33,000 units moved to prevent further demonstrations by a display of force in the city centre and the deployment of an armada of water cannons and armoured vehicles. Some 100,000 forces used tear gas against a crowd assembling near the city's railway station—a frequent site of clashes between demonstrators and police in the past—and they arrested an unidentified member. Earlier, about 50 correspondents had been detained in police vehicles briefly, warning them, Patrick Brown of the BBC Radio Five later: "I was given something of a lecture by two very polite army policemen who said that Western correspondents had sometimes been not altogether objective."

The following day Walesa gave an account of his own hours in limbo. He said that after being "kidnapped" he spent 45 minutes with officials at the finance department of the Gdansk People's Council, clearing up questions about the Solidarity branch's accounts. (He told them that he had no responsibility for the branch's financial affairs.) Then he was driven around a road circling Gdansk for the rest of the day.

At his press conference, Walesa also took the opportunity to renew his commitment to the struggle for workers' rights enshrined in the Gdansk agreements. "The time for watching is over," he said, referring to his month-long silent stockpiling since his release. Asked what he intended to do, he recalled the date when the agreements were signed. "The same as before August 1980, during August and afterward." Asked about the new trade union that the government will establish in January, he replied: "I see no plan, and, hindering the creation of new unions would be undermining. But the new unions in their present form do not interest me." Added Walesa: "I do not want to topple the government but,

in the best way I can, I want to improve conditions and fight for the cause of the working world."

His task will be difficult and dangerous. When the Sejm (parliament) applied its rubber stamp on Saturday to the ruling military council's proposals to reimpose martial law, it merely transferred to the civil code many of the most draconian measures imposed under the law. The authorities' intentions had been clear for some time. Observers who studied the first press of earlier official statements noted that the verb "would" (to suspend) was replaced instead of "will" (to suspend). It was a clear sign of the new law's intent.

With the passage of the new laws, the printing or distribution of anti-governmental leaflets, films or tapes will become a civil offence, so will causing a public disturbance. Although arbitrary arrest is to be lifted, those arrested may be arrested again and tried, and there will be no immediate amnesty for the 3,500 people sentenced for martial law offences. While routine monitoring of mail and telephone calls will cease, wiretaps are to be extended as evidence in court for that at least is a clear indication that the security authorities

need to go on eavesdropping on private communications.

On an internal travel will be abolished, but foreign travel will continue to be strictly controlled. Some factories will be freed from military control, but key industries may remain under martial law, while the threat of the catch-all "special parasite" laws will continue to loom over any worker who "bears disorder." The regime will retain price controls, the military courts and its powers of summary trial. Finally, if all else fails, martial law may be reimposed. Said U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz with studied understatement: "We do not see that anything substantial enough has taken place to make a major change [in Washington's position]."

As if to underline the regime's bleak message, a Warsaw military court on week-end sentenced Poland's former ambassador to Japan, Zdzislaw Ramo, to death in his absence. His crime: seeking asylum in the United States after last year's declaration of martial law. The sentence and its coming were a clear warning that actions like Walesa will ignore at their peril. □

## WEST GERMANY

### The chancellor keeps his word

Before he took office last October, Helmut Kohl, Germany's new chancellor, Helmut Kohl, promised his opponents an early election. Last week Kohl moved to keep his word. In a parliamentary play so obscure as the move that brought his right-wing coalition to power, Kohl showed the way for elections on March 1 by ordering his cabinet to abstain on a vote of confidence in the Bundestag (parliament). However, Kohl's willingness to face the electorate could hardly be construed as generosity toward his Social Democratic Party (SPD) foe. Opinion polls indicate that Kohl's Christian Democratic Union (CDU) and its Bavarian ally, the Christian Social Union (CSU), could win 53.9 per cent of the votes and a majority in the forthcoming ballot. As the SPD's new leader,

### Dismissed in advance as a plodder, Kohl has matched his amiability with an unexpected self-assurance

Hans-Jochen Vogel, said readily: "It is not good to be an ass on the stairs. The starting position could be better."

It could indeed. Elected to the SPD leadership in October, the 56-year-old Vogel has the nearly impossible task of defying the shoes of his sibling but charismatic predecessor, former chancellor Helmut Schmidt. Vogel's constant-toon personality may help to heal the split between the SPD's moderates and left wing. But he will have a struggle to make sufficient impact on the electorate to offset Kohl's serious challenge. Current support for the SPD is running at a lowly 36 per cent, down 12 per cent behind Kohl's forces.

Vogel's problems are more, however, compared to the difficulty that faces Kohl's current coalition partners, the Free Democratic Party (FDP). Brandt is a dodo! After a prompted Schmidt's downfall by changing sides, the FDP has suffered a staggering loss of popularity. Current polls put its standing with voters at three per cent, well below the five per cent needed to assure representation in the Bundestag next March. Not only that, few FDP men and 6,000 FDP members, angered by what they regard as their party's betrayal of Schmidt, have held party rallies. AD-

Walesa (right) with family and bodyguards' on a road to silent stockpiling



into the party's General Secretary Ingrid Achen-Schmidt. "We are in danger of being polluted."

Despite Kohl's decided edge, the campaign is likely to be a bitter one. Nuclear disarmament will be one of the hottest issues and may help its main proponent, the Green movement, to gain representation in the Bundestag for the first time. Current polls give the Greens 20 per cent of the vote, but some estimates put the movement's share at about 10 per cent. The Socialist state of the economy will be another key campaign topic. In November the number of jobs lost topped the two million mark, more than one-third higher than a year ago. Last week, as the car giant Volkswagen forecast its first loss since 1975, economists predicted a one-per-cent fall in the GNP for 1982. Wages less than were growth expected in 1983, it is likely that unemployment will soar higher than the campaign.

But the decisive factor in the campaign could be Kohl's background as politician in his 11 years as chancellor. Driven to advance as an unworldly politician, Kohl has matched his well-known aloofness with a totally unexpected degree of self-assurance. His alleged ignorance of foreign affairs has not prevented him from improving relations with Washington while receiving Eastern Europe that he is as dedicated to détente as Schmidt is. All of that counts as a trifle that was looking for a steady hand on the eve of Sunday's state elections in Hamburg. Last June, Kohl's cause came close to ending the socialist traditional dominance of the state parliament there, and the vote was regarded as a barometer of current feelings.

The SPD's Hans-Jochen Vogel facing the impossible task of killing Schmidt's choice



Kohl's campaign will be a bitter one

Kohl's growing self-confidence also could help him against his socialist on the right, CDU chief Franz-Josef Strauss. The conservative Bavarian has announced his intention of standing for a seat in the Bundestag in March. Strauss has made it clear that he wants Kohl to name him foreign minister and deputy chancellor should their combined forces win an absolute majority. But that prospect, daunting as it once might have seemed, now appears less likely to face Kohl. By the spring he may be strong enough to dismiss any challengers—from either the left or the right.

—PETER LEWIS in Brussels

## THE MIDDLE EAST

### The elusive quest for peace

The statement was tantalizingly vague. After two days of talks last week, two key parties in the search for a Middle East settlement, Jordan and the Palestine Liberation Organization, agreed in a noncommittal "to move kinds and Palestinian rights in the light of a joint conception of a special and distinctive relationship between Jordan and a liberated Palestine." The statement implied a willingness on the part of PLO chief Yasser Arafat to join hands with Jordan's King Hussein in seeking a settlement. But, significantly, it fell short of what the Reagan administration had hoped for: an outright mandate for Hussein to negotiate as the PLO's behalf during his official visit to Washington this week.

But failure to secure such a mandate was only one of several setbacks last week to the prospect of peace in the region. Escalating clashes between rival factions in Lebanon underlined the need for swift progress in the ongoing talks. With about 100,000 Syrian, Palestinian and Israeli forces there, the U.S. special envoy Philip Habib and Morris Draper found themselves bogged down in a wide range of issues, from a procedural wrangle over where talks should be held (Israel insists that Jerusalem as well as Beirut should be a venue) to the delicate question of which parties should withdraw first. Jerusalem wants the remaining 150,000 to leave before Syrian and Israeli troops begin their pullout. "The time has come for foreign forces to get out," they insist, he added, "you can't go on with the major negotiations to eliminate the differences that have kept the Middle East in turmoil."

Reagan's remarks underscored the dilemma that Jerusalem faces more than four months after the end of the siege of Beirut, and his initiative aimed at securing Palestinian self-government in the Israeli-occupied West Bank and the Gaza Strip. The U.S. plan calls for a Palestinian homeland with a strong central government shared with Jordan. Arabs, instead, continue to demand an independent Palestinian state on the West Bank and Gaza to be followed by a loose confederation with Jordan. The crucial question now is whether Reagan and Hussein can find a compromise.

The outlook is not promising. U.S. diplomats in the region contend that Washington has little room to maneuver, especially since the Israelis have already rejected the current terms



Yehi (left), George (center) and Draper center for Washington, a silence.

and announced their intention to more than triple the size of the West Bank's Jewish population during the next three years. For their part, the Arabs are equally adamant on the issue of full citizenship for the Palestinians. Even the proposed limited linkage with Jordan has taken fire from PLO hard-liners. Within 24 hours of the communiqué's release, four of the eight PLO factions denounced it.

The influential Syrian president, Hafez al-Assad, seemed to look behind the ceremony. Assad's motives, according to some specialists, are his longstanding rivalry with Hussein and a fear that he may lose the diplomatic cloak and measure Saudi Arabian support for his support of the PLO. For that reason, relations between Assad and Arafat, never good, have worsened since the PLO's expulsion from Beirut, despite the mediation of Saudi King Fahd. Arafat has sought a diplomatic solution to the Palestinian question. But Assad has refused peace without guarantees that Syria would regain the Israeli-annexed Golan Heights and receive full compensation from its Jewish neighbors for losing its sponsorship of the PLO. Assad's interventionism over the Palestinian issue is matched by Jerusalem's resolve over Lebanon. After a 2½-hour meeting with Habib and Draper, Israeli officials indicated that they were ready at least to consider total talks outside Jerusalem. But they insisted that the city be included on the official itinerary. The Israelis also stood firm on the central issue of simultaneous disengagement. As one foreign ministry official put it, "If we pull out first, there is no

guarantee that the other side will also play ball." Furthermore, the Israelis continue to insist on their original demand for a security agreement with the Lebanese government to guarantee a corridor outside on Israel's northern border. But, while Jerusalem remains committed to a pullout, it sees no reason for haste. As one Israeli newspaper commented, "We are holding all the cards in Lebanon, and it will be foolishness not to exploit this advantage."

For Lebanon, however, time may be running out. Clashes between pro- and anti-Syrian forces in the northern part of Tripoli caused 46 deaths and 170 injuries. In addition, there were more bombings in Beirut and renewed gun battles between Christian and Druse militias in the Israeli-held Golan Heights region east of the capital. On a visit to Washington, Lebanese Foreign Minister Riad Salame warned: "If the foreign forces do not leave within a month, Lebanon will be ushered into a new, even far more destructive and far more international in its implications than the [civil] war of 1975." That Christian-Muslim conflict left the country in shambles, claimed more than 60,000 lives, and spent the way for the PLO to become the nation's dominant force. At week's end, Salame's defiance seemed out of the question. Habib and Draper were optimistic. But most observers see Easter as the likely date for a withdrawal, not Dec. 30, the target date originally set by the Reagan administration. For Lebanon, as for the Middle East as a whole, the long trek to peace appears just as tortuous and elusive as ever.

—KERRY WATKINS in Beirut, with Terry Bradie in Tel Aviv

## THE UNITED STATES

### A sorry legacy draws to a close

On paper, at least, the end of the long-drawn session of the 97th United States Congress seemed entirely worthwhile. Several important appropriation bills, including one to keep the government operating, required passage. The continuing state made over social security, urgently needed to be resolved. And pending legislation on immigration reform, bankruptcy and the Clean Air Act awaited action. In all, Washington promised to offer a season of achievement.

Excepted, however, the actual results were sobering. By week's end and 325 weary legislators had accomplished almost nothing. Action on all the major bills had been deferred—a sorry legacy to the 98th Congress, which begins on Monday, in a rushed session. The Congress expended all its remaining energy on a simple deal in a stopgap resolution to fund government operations until the spring. And it was not clear at the weekend whether the White House would accept the senator's spending plan. In a September afternoon press conference with radio reporters, President Ronald Reagan laid his options open, insisting that he would wait for the final version of the bill to emerge from a House-Senate conference before proceeding.

The administration was openly opposed to job creation programs attached as riders to the main resolution. In the House of Representatives, Democrats, concerned by the nation's costly \$100-billion trade of politicians, had voted for a Budget and Employment measure. Facing a presidential veto, the Senate read and spending to \$12 billion. The House-Senate conference committee was expected to agree on a compromise amendment, including about \$15 billion. The House-Senate deal that he would not hesitate to veto—even at the risk of bringing the entire government to a halt this week—any measure containing what he called "pink-slashed projects."

Confusion also surrounded the only other significant issue-dick bill: a bill to add five cents to the federal tax on gasoline and diesel fuel. Congress spent three weeks in desultory debate on the issue. The proposal passed in the House, where proponents claimed it would raise \$2.5 billion in fiscal revenues. Some 60 per cent would be used to finance repair of the interstate highway system, the remaining 20 per cent would go to mass transit, creating some 200,000 new jobs. The House also added

a projected amendment, requiring that 100 per cent of the steel and cement used in road repair be made in the United States. Current law mandates 51-per-cent U.S. content.

But a handful of conservative senators—claiming that the steel tax would wipe out as many as 100,000 jobs—thus it would create—mounted a protracted filibuster. The White House itself had been careful to down suggestions that it was a jobs bill. In fact, the president's chief economic adviser, Martin Feldstein, conceded last month that, while jobs in the construction industry would increase, employment in other sectors would suffer. The legislation was needed, Feldstein and other officials contended, to fund the nation's crumbling infrastructure of roads, highways and bridges. As a result, the extra steel would cost consumers an estimated \$30 a year—much less than a petroleum-induced frost-and-snow spent.

But \$30 spent on fuel would be \$30 not spent on other job-creating goods and services. At best, conservatives argued, the bill would simply transfer jobs from one industry to another. Moreover, while the tax is designed to be temporary—estimated after six years—the likelihood is that it will remain in place. Says Senator Jesse Helms (R-N.C.), "There is nothing so permanent as a temporary tax." It is also regressive taxation, hitting the poor and middle class with much more severity and discrimination than the rich, who would feel the pinch less and have more means of avoiding the tax.

Perhaps the strongest opposition came from the powerful trucking lobby. The legislation would impose substantial new fees on fork, tree and heavy trucks. These new burdens, the industry warned, would either be passed directly on to consumers as higher consumer prices or shipped to more freight by rail, adding to unemployment on the roads. Defenders of the bill noted that it assured a few offsetting concessions for truckers as well—permitting, for example, longer loads on all interstate routes.

The fate of the tax was still in doubt at week's end. The Senate had set it aside to take up money on the funding resolution. And, while many predicted that the 7th Congress would pass the measure, conservatives seemed determined to postpone the filibuster. Defeating the tax last week, Senator Robert Dole (R-Kan.) protested, "We ought to do something in the lame-duck session. It has been accomplished in a great deal." It was the same opinion with which few Americans of any political persuasion could disagree.

—MICHAEL POSNER  
in Washington

## The robbery of the Sentry

New York's first move of the season provided a welcome cushion last week for a lone, ill-suited burglar armed with a shotgun who would serve as the chief of the Sentry Automated Courier Corp. in the Bronx. Dismissing a thick wad of taxpayer, the man stood the tax beneath, dropped down a rope, and sneaked up on the building's side guard, Chaimo Potomkin, who was busy watching Intertek TV. "There was no conversation," a police spokesman said later. "The shotgun was the threat."

With Potomkin secretly introduced to a stair rail, the gunman descended to Sentry's cellar, opened its loading dock, and admitted his assumption and their evolved via—believed to be a Peril Escalator. Behind an easily abused lock and chain link fence, the burglar stomped upon a steel-bogging cable as estimated \$30 million, much of it in cash, accumulated bills conveniently bagged for easy handling.

No one knows how long the team spent in this thieves' Valhalla, but,

departed hastily, leaving one of the scanty collection of door police have found—a snatched-off mirror—curious—and a mauling message scrawled on the door of a dirty mirror. "Burglars were here. He'll be."

The month's investigation has so far centered on suspicion that the Sentry heist was an inside job. Potomkin himself has been extensively questioned, but his answering hearing difficulties, and New York detectives and via agents have begun probing about 300 present and former employees. The heist's intruder alarm had not been set, and the burglars were apparently familiar enough with the premises to twist every surveillance camera toward the ceiling.

However, many Sentry employees are paid little more than \$200 a week, and some, therefore, may have been able to resist the temptation to suggest their slender stipend. Two months ago, employees accidentally discharged a shotgun through the roof that the burglar penetrated last week. As New York Daily News columnist Jimmy



The planed-down Sentry facility. It's going to be a hell of a Christmas for someone.

when the day shift arrived shortly before 6 a.m., Potomkin was still bound, the huge 80-ton guard dog with him was missing and at least \$8 million plus \$30,000 worth of gold stamps was nowhere to be found. Said an unpled police spokesman, Fred Ewald: "It's going to be a hell of a Christmas for someone." It was, in any event, the largest cash robbery in U.S. history and could easily have been worse. Something apparently frightened the burglars when they were still far short of clearing out Sentry's money room. They

breaks specified, "Someone standing in the office, with all of that money about him and gazing through the open door to the sky, could have experienced the birth of impostors."

For that part, police may be in need of similar enlightenment. An FBI spokesman was quick to claim: "There are a number of solid leads, hopefully they will turn in a very soon." Yet, at week's end, suspicion and the narrow-mirror apert, investigators had little to show for their efforts.

—LEONARD RICHMAN, in New York



The devastated Dhomir region: the aftermath may be equally severe.

## NORTH YEMEN

### Calamity in the land of Sheba

Traders in the sleepy North Yemeni market town of Marib were busy backing up trucks from roads and frugate spaces such as mudrooms, foragestack and stables. Then, shortly after noon, the earth began to shudder and roll. The century-old tall brick houses, adorned with half-moon windows and delicate umbrellas, implored on their helpless inhabitants. Forty seconds later the ancient redoubt of the Queen of Sheba lay in ruins, the devastated spectre of an earthquake that measured a hefty 6.0 on the Richter scale. As the shock waves spread, they engulfed 145 towns and villages. At least 2,000 people were killed and another 1,400 were injured. In one particularly tragic incident, 350 children died when their school collapsed. Negated the country's president, Ali Abdullah Saleh: "It is a calamity which we must patiently bear with God's help."

There was more than a hint of futility in Saleh's resignation, because turmoil, whether natural or man-made, is a frequent visitor to the nation of 8.5 million, situated in the southwestern extremity of the Arabian Peninsula. For seven years following the 1962 revolution that overthrew the royal government of Muhammad al-Badr and established the Yemen Arab Republic, the country was wracked by war. Even after hostilities ended, factions continued to contend for supremacy, and a series of attempted coups kept the lives of four presidents in the ensuing nine years. Hardly had Saleh's accession to power in 1978 brought domestic stability than North Yemen became en-

folded in a year-long bloody war with the neighboring People's Democratic Republic of Yemen.

North Yemen's backward economy compounds the population's hardships. The nation is so dependent on foreign aid from its oil-rich neighbor, Saudi Arabia, and the United States as its people are addicted to it, the narcotic about whose leaves citizens chew like bubblegum. The drug is, in fact, a significant component of the economy, accounting for one-third of all economic expenditures. But its cultivation as a cash crop has meant that there is less arable land available to grow some of the nation's few valued exports, a rich, dark coffee bean named after the Yemeni port city of Mocha. In addition, modernization programs are inhibited because of unaffordable basic needs urban electrification, all-weather roads, potable water supplies and modern communications.

Last week the country's primitive infrastructure severely hampered quake relief operations. While Saudi Arabia and other Persian Gulf states furnished tonnes of food, medical aid and tents to Ra'ah, the capital, rescue workers dreaded the onerous task of moving supplies into the hinterland. The quake clearly derided the nation's putative development plans, including an ambitious reconstruction of the great dam at Marib, built 300 years after the Queen of Sheba's reign. But the long-term aftermath of the earthquake may be less on technical and political life may be equally seismic.

—JARED MITCHELL, in Toronto, with correspondents/Alia

## SOUTH KOREA

### An erratic shot at democracy

The fortunes of Kim Dae Jung, like those of other South Korean proponents of democracy, have markedly improved since a military court sentenced him to death in 1980. Now serving a commuted life sentence in Cheongju Prison, the former head of the Korean New Democratic Party was permitted last week to transfer to a civilian hospital for treatment of his arthritis. There was the further possibility, despite continuing restrictions on dissent, that South Korea President Chun Doo Hwan may extend a limited amnesty to Kim's associates. Kim's transfer seemed to signal that the Blue House (presidential palace) wants to improve its badly stained human rights record. As one government spokesman explained, Chun intends "to consolidate national unity by moderating the attitude of the state."

The charismatic Kim's political career mirrors democracy's erratic course in South Korea. In the 1971 presidential elections, Kim nearly won the late president Park Chung Hee when he took 46 per cent of the vote. But his presidential bid was followed, in 1975, by six years under house arrest without formal charges being brought against him. He was released in 1979, six weeks after an assassin's bullet ended Park's life—and any semblance of democracy in an ostensibly representative state. The military rule of violence passed, Chun Doo Hwan, a military court sentenced Kim to death for his alleged role in a student-led riot in 1980. He only escaped execution when an outcry from the Carter administration forced Chun to commute the sentence in exchange for renewed U.S. support.

The announcement last week seemed to fit into a pattern of reducing restrictions, though it went against Christian critics of the new move. Kim has been jailed, and placidly, police still ban the campaign. Nearly 90 professors have been dismissed for opposing Chun's rule. The nation's two opposition parties, committed to a reform-stamp National Assembly, have shown unusual hesitancy by calling for a resumption of basic democratic freedoms.

Kim may soon travel to the United States for treatment. Clearly, the Blue House has the White House in mind in softening its "national purification" program in Washington. But the long-term impact of an enthusiastic response to Kim's release. But Chun is equally conscious of the need to restrain the resentment that still simmers in South Korea.

# The bankers and their crisis

By Michael Posner

The president of First Boston Corporation, Pedro Pablo Kuczynski, starkly calls it "the end of the street." Former French prime minister Raymond Barre detects a "general mood of uncertainty and pessimism." Willy Brandt, head of the commission on North-South issues, warned in Ottawa that economic and financial catastrophes have arisen as emergency measures are taken. And a statement published last week by 26 economists from 34 countries concludes bluntly "The world is in an economic crisis. There is a risk of breakdown."

Indeed, three months after the International Monetary Fund pulled Mexico from the brink of collapse, most specialists conclude that the world remains mired in a deep, pervasive crisis of confidence—and of credit. World trade is spinning into a negative spiral, impelled by punishing interest rates, rising levels of unemployment and the inevitable reflex of protectionism. The Organization for Economic



Mexican city in Ray of Compeche. 'Oil prices collapse, all hell is out'

Co-operation and Development (OECD) predicts that real GDP will decline by five per cent in 1983—producing more joblessness, bankruptcies and defaults, and prolonging the globe's deepest recession in 50 years.

The revenue squeeze has already pushed Mexico and Argentina into requesting their main foreign debtors, which together total \$130 billion (U.S.). Both nations are being bailed out by IMF and private bank loans in return for strict austerity measures at home. Other countries, notably Brazil (\$67 billion in debt), will soon be faced to evaluate the same painful prescription. The crisis is not limited to Latin America, Poland, Yugoslavia and South Korea also face enormous debt burdens. In all, 30 nations face the peril of lighting off

collapse. But Latin America's aggregate debt now exceeds a staggering \$300 billion. That is nearly half of the developing world's \$600-billion total deficit, and the default of even one nation would pose severe risks to international financial stability. For the banks, this financial crunch represents a terrible dilemma. If they choose to continue pouring good money after bad, they will only increase their exposure and the probability that none of the loans will ever be repaid. And, if the banks refuse to restrict their lending in order to reduce their vulnerability to default, they may perpetuate the very crisis they must face.

Canada's five major chartered banks are deeply involved in the crisis. They have about \$6.5 billion (US) at stake

in Mexico, \$0.5 billion in Brazil, \$3.5 billion in Venezuela, and \$2.2 billion in Argentina. But their exposure is dwarfed by the involvement of U.S. banks. The nine largest U.S. institutions have already loaned 100 per cent of their capital (shareholder equity) to Argentina, Mexico and Brazil. Sharp loan cutbacks by one of the banks, or by syndicates of smaller institutions, might force the borrowing country to declare a moratorium on interest payments. And that, in turn, could easily bring down the global village.

In the meantime, the world's governments seem incapable of orchestrating the event that could reverse those ominous trends and preserve the system: a real and sustained period of economic growth. Indeed, Washington, which other Western nations regard as the indispensable engine of recovery, has only belatedly recognized the severity of the crisis.

"We have to have some better way of operation," Treasury Secretary Donald Regan conceded at a recent meeting. Specifically, the former chairman of Merrill Lynch & Company Ltd. called for less fluctuations in currency values, which could only be achieved by "a convergence" of international monetary policies. One irritant for U.S. allies is the artificially inflated value of the U.S. dollar. More distasteful, Regan also pointed to the possibility of creating a second Bretton Woods summit to restore equilibrium to international monetary markets.

It was the dollar-pegged system ordered in New Hampshire at the first Bretton Woods conference in 1946 that effectively ruled global currency in the postwar era. But, when the Nixon administration allowed the dollar to float in 1971, so international monetary re-

volution of oil price hikes by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries in 1973 and again in 1979 were doubly damaging. Fortunately, OPEC's ballooning revenues were recycled as deposits in Western banks, which immediately loaned them out in capital-starved developing countries. A growing portion of the debt was short-term, based on the hopeful but misguided premise that economic recovery was just around the corner and that interest rates would soon fall. Despite rising risks, western bankers continued to believe in their clients' creditworthiness.

But the recession stubbornly refused to recede. High interest rates made it too costly to hold stocks of commodity, and the consequent sell-off sent prices plummeting. Two crises arose, for example, the price of sugar was more than 30 cents a pound. Today it is six cents (three cents a kilogram). As for copper, coffee, silver, iron ore and oil the story is largely the same. As a result, Third World nations were trapped between falling export revenues and rising interest payments. New loans were needed, not to finance expansion but simply to service existing debt.

Another drop in oil prices would most seriously affect Mexico, which has paid no principal on its \$10-billion (U.S.) debt since August. The IMF has tentatively agreed to lend Mexico \$3.84 billion, so long as President Miguel de la Madrid strictly observes IMF-dictated austerity measures. These include curbing gasoline prices and reducing the public sector deficit from 35.5 per cent of the nation's gross national product to 3.5 per cent by 1985. Longstanding agricultural subsidies have been removed, and major construction projects defunded.

For their part, the Mexicans last week asked several concessions of their 1,400 creditors—who owe them \$30 billion in debt due by the end of 1984, to suspend principal payments for four years, postpone national debt until 1990, and add another \$5 billion in fresh loans. Under pressure from the IMF and their own central banks, the commercial banks complied. As London's *Financial Times* noted, "Apocalypse may tomorrow be better than apocalyptic today." Sergio Ramirez de Vries, chief international economist for Mexico's Guaranty Trust. "The IMF won't proceed unless the banks do their share. There has to be a balance. We have four sectors—business, industry, the international organizations and the international monetary system. If one-quarter doesn't go along, you get significant risks of breakdown." Adds William Clapp, senior fellow at the Washington-based Institute for International Economics. "The bulk of the problem is cash flow—liquidity rather than insolvency." But, as Clapp put it in

the current issue of *Foreign Policy*, "it remains to be seen whether Mexico and the world financial system will emerge from the episode relatively unscathed." His un-appeased fiscal claims are seldom popular in the Third World. The longer the delay in economic recovery, the greater the risk of political unrest.

Similar doubts apply to Brazil, the most recent arrival at the IMF emergency ward. This week in New York, agents of the world's 50 largest banks are expected to approve new loans to Brazil of \$5 billion and the refinancing of another \$4 billion, due to be retired in 1983. The fresh credits will supplement a three-year, \$4.9-billion loan from the IMF, a bridge loan of \$1.2 billion from the Basel-based Bank for International Settlements (BIS) and another tempe-

rary \$3.5-billion credit from the United States. As in Mexico, the IMF is prescribing rigorous therapy: phasing out export subsidies, airport surbs and street wage restraint. Concludes Carlos Gaviria Lemos, president of Brazil's central bank, "We saw that the prognosis for sustainable recovery."

Perhaps, but most knowledgeable observers doubt that Brazil will be the IMF's last patient, and the IMF is rapidly running out of its own resources. The recent Mexican and Brazilian flirtations with default have at least reversed the Reagan administration's earlier opposition to managing the IMF fund pool. The Big Five (the United States, France, Japan, West Germany and Great Britain) at a meeting in Frankfurt last week this month, agreed to seek a

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Ragan (left), IMF Chairman Jacques de Larosière; (right) IMF-exposed fiscal chiefs are seldom popular in the Third World

36-per-cent boost in IMF quotas—from about \$80 billion to \$90 billion—and to allow all members to tap into the General Agreement to Borrow, a separate reserve maintained by the 10 most powerful nations. But those changes must be ratified by member nations—a complicated process that also involves changing the controversial quota and lender the voting influence. The United States is seeking a late January meeting of the IMF policy board to resolve the quota dispute, but the estimate that some funds could be available would probably be 1984—at best, perhaps, for some emergency cases.

One possible solution would be to re-evaluate the role of the OIB. Founded in 1926, the firm is made up of central banks and historically has provided only 66- or 90-day bridge loans. In recent months it has helped prop up both Hungary and Mexico, but it seems reluctant to become an emergency lender on the larger scale. Ragan is offered, "We simply do not have the resources."

Another proposal, suggested by First Boston's Kozminsky, would create a temporary IMF facility, with \$25 billion in reserves, to aid in liquidity-poor developing countries. Felix Rohatyn, the financier who helped to rescue New York City from bankruptcy in 1975, recommends a new federal reconstruction finance corporation. It would buy stock in failing banks—ensuring the dangers paid by sudden default. Writing last month in the *New York Review of Books*, Rohatyn declared, "It is as if we have to think that no sovereign country will default on its external debt because it would become a pariah in the international financial community."

For some critics, of course, any propo-

work solution simply represents a bail-out of the banks for their ill-advised loans, and of the borrowers for their poorly managed economies. "No doubt it is a bailout," Kozminsky concedes. "But, on the other hand, what are the alternatives?"

Even with new pools of emergency capital, however, the present crisis is unlikely to fade soon. Persistent unemployment is producing strong government sentiment around the globe, raising the possibility of a major trading war. And the industrialized countries, says Princeton professor Peter Kenen, seem afflicted not only with paralysis of policy but with self-inflicted decisions about inevitable recovery. Products Korea. "Things will get worse if they don't get better fast," Aida Murtagh's Rimmer de Vries. The outlook for 1983 is gloomy; unless we act now, we'll fritter away 1984."

But how to act? Under the auspices of the Institute for International Economics, 26 experts (including Vazouner's John Bellwell) last week advocated a more expansionary monetary policy, carefully co-ordinated among the major trading nations. Too many governments, the group concluded, are still taking isolation, and that, says 1971 head Fred Bergsten, is "inappropriate, given the depth of the world recession."

The crucial point is co-operation. The world economy is now so integrated—the relationships so symbiotic—that no single nation can insulate itself from the economic policies of another. There can be no global recovery without the United States, but neither can the United States unilaterally create the necessary conditions for revival. In Ottawa last week the Brandt commission

called for an emergency meeting of IMF governors "to tackle the crisis in confidence in international finance."

But others insist that the worst of the crisis is already over. Despite the ad hominem, the IMF and the bankers appeared to have mended fences. Brazil and Argentina. Interest rates are falling, and each percentage point decline saves the dollars an estimated \$700 million annually. In fact, an export last week found that lower interest rates and resulting higher commodity prices "about ease the situation significantly." With the exception of Latin America and South Korea, the OECD suggested, "the level of bank lending to most other developing countries is likely to be maintained at even increased." The conventional wisdom is that the system has largely weathered the crisis, even if the global economy staggers along in neutral for the next few years.

But it has not been an especially good season for conventional wisdom. First, former Mexico's sudden plunge to high interest rates. Second, in Eastern Europe and the Middle East, war unpredictable, and there is always the risk that the enduring recession will provoke a major bankruptcy—and a chain reaction of immense proportions. For some nations, the austerity cure may be worse than the disease, stirring domestic unrest that destabilizes democratic governments. Eventually, the only lasting solution is real economic growth, and, despite brain drains everywhere, hardships of global recovery are still now here in sight.

With John May in Ottawa, Jack Walker in London and James Fleming in Toronto

## BUSINESS WATCH

# High-tech pioneers in the West

By Peter C. Newman

The only optimistic pessimist inside the 1980s is high tech.

It's solely in this fertile field of accelerating technical breakthroughs that Canada has any hope of establishing viable secondary industries that will have growing payoffs.

Until very recently high tech's progress has been held back by inadequate funding. Nearly all the companies in the field are the offspring of their founders' genius—talents that also include knowledge of marketing or how to generate adequate development financing.

A spectacular exception is Corvus Data Systems Inc. of Calgary. It's typical of this remarkable high-tech enterprise that it chose to settle in Western Canada instead of finding domicile under the more customary skies of the megalopolis bankers at Kanata in the Ottawa Valley. Corvus, which grew out of a partnership formed by impatient scientists seeking Canadian-made software appropriate for their trade, currently employs a staff of 30, half of whom are technicians, and had 1982 sales of about \$1 million.

What's interesting about the Calgary company is that it is the first to obtain an advance tax ruling this year from Revenue Canada, which heralds a fresh and significant new era in high-tech financing. It means that investors looking for potentially profitable tax shelters now have an alternative to the exhausted notion of buying shares in the disillusioning attempts to finance Canadian firms. Instead, they will be able to form limited partnerships that should return 100 per cent on investments, plus higher capital future profits.

The new scheme, which replaces the previously available "special research investment contracts," is the first concrete indication that Ottawa is serious about trying to push investment funds into high-tech research. According to the *Canadian Investor*, as much as \$750 million in development funds has been held up by the previous nomination of Revenue Canada. Two rulings Corvus's breakthrough may free the logjam. "We had to go to the banks for over seven months for lengthy discussions, at our expense, to educate them about the computer industry," says Corvus Vice-President Paul Daniel. "We literally haltered the development of a new policy."

The issue was whether or not software should be eligible for special tax treatment. Daniel's argument was that while the price of computers has been declining, the costs of programming are steadily rising up, accounting for as much as 60 per cent of costs. (Thus, according to a company spokesman, in how it works a minimum \$4,000 investment provides a tax deduction of \$1,032 for 1982 and \$1,711 for 1983. Assuming a 56-per-cent marginal tax bracket, this works out, combined

\$6,000 investment units, hoping to raise as much as \$6 million by year's end. One unusual feature of the company's tax ruling is that it is being allowed to include the purchase of a new building as a research expense. Daniel brantly estimates that investors in the company could realize an after-tax return of 31 per cent.

A Vancouver-born chartered accountant, Daniel became a computer expert while working for IBM in England and later helped to develop systems planning for the Canadian banking industry. A fairly late, he joined with Patricia and Brian Hall, a pair of similarly minded CAs, in 1977 to form Daniel & Hall Associates—which became Corvus Data Systems in August last year. "We moved from them had been no significant advances in the writing of new software in Canada for two decades," Daniel says. "Our objective is to increase programmer efficiency by automating many of the painstaking tasks which are arduous tasks."



De Neil's is learning from through

with a \$400 credit for research, creates a tax saving of \$3,000.

Corvus distributes Wang and Vector Graphics machines but its main preoccupation is the breeding of a new generation of software applications that would make microcomputers interchangeable in their logic, accounting and other similar applications. One example of such new uses would be to allow users of self-service gas stations to insert their credit cards into pumps for one-stop payments.

Corvus's field agents are selling

several Corvus's tax ruling could give Canada's high-tech practitioners a badly needed financial boost, as well as drawing attention to the fact that the industry exists in Western Canada. Corvus is only one of nearly 200 high-tech firms currently searching for a solid domestic market—though some provinces also become such relative newcomers of the industry as Edmonton's 25-year-old Associated Engineering Services Ltd., currently in an \$8.5-million expansion phase.

Even more surprising, Saskatoon has become an important high-tech centre, with six. Microdot now ranks second only in Northern Telecom in the manufacture of Canadian telecommunications equipment. So-Te Instruments Inc., another Saskatoon-based company, has developed a remote tracking system, while Mel-Larsen markets imaginative new microelectronics fire alarm installations across North America.

It's too early to judge whether Ottawa's new tax shelter scheme will allow Corvus and its high-tech colleagues to thrive or whether it will turn as sour as the fibre industry.

But at least it will produce a welcome injection of money into the industry on which our future hangs.



# 1983



JAN.							FEB.							MARCH							SPECIAL DAYS & HOLIDAYS 1983							JULY							AUG.							SEPT.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	New Year's Day	Jan. 1	Canada Day	July 1	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S			
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16	17	18	19	20	21	22	20	21	22	23	24	25	26		20	21	22	23	24	25	26	Palm Sunday	Mar. 27	Yom Kippur	Sept. 17	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	18	19	20	21	22	23	24		
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																					Ascension Day	May 12	Immolation	Dec. 8																								
																					Victoria Day	May 23	Christmas Day	Dec. 25																								
																					Father's Day	June 19	Bonny Day	Dec. 26																								
																					St. Jean Baptiste Day (Que.)	June 24	New Year's Eve	Dec. 31																								

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling.  
Average per cigarette: Mentors Regular: 8mg "tar" 0.5mg nicotine; King Size: 11mg "tar" 0.8 mg nicotine.  
Mentors Extra Mild: King Size: 4 mg "tar" 0.4 mg nicotine.

**Pau (Bear) Bryant**, the living legend variously known as Old Water-Walker, The Waungant Bear and The Grifone King, announced his retirement last week after 30 years of coaching, 25 of them with the University of Alabama's Crimson Tide football team. His teams have won the most victories in college football history (321). More than 60 of his players have gone on to the pros. (Bryant called the man known as his assistant, former life quarterback **Joe Namath**, "the greatest athlete I ever coached." But that didn't stop him from suspending Namath for breaking team rules just before the Sugar Bowl in 1963.) Party-four of Bryant's assistants and players have gone on to coaching jobs in colleges and pro's ranks, including **Ray Perkins**, the 40-year-old New York Giants' head coach, who will replace him next season. University President **Josh Thomas** said, in reaction to the news, "Bryant is an institution himself." In fact, Bryant is considered to be the institution. For all that, Bryant's formula for success was always startlingly simple: "If anything goes bad, then I did it," he explained to an interviewer two years ago. "If anything goes into good, then we did it. If anything goes real good, then you did it." The past season has not been "real good." The Crimson Tide lost four games and won only seven. "I don't want to stop coaching," Bryant said last year. "And I don't want to stop winning." Bryant is no bear for football.

Clark (left) with family in Rockefeller Park, Trudeau and news at home: Christ, and greetings for \$12,600



Bryant in his trademark headcloth hat: 'I did it'

As many Canadians sacrifice even the personal touch of an original greeting on their Christmas cards to drive and the desperate task of last-minute shopping, Prime Minister **Pierre Trudeau** and Opposition Leader **Joe Clark** are rest secure in the knowledge that their cards have already been designed, printed, and mailed. In fact, both Trudeau



and Clark started the process by posing for photographers last fall. Clark made no attempt to hide the sun, stroking in Rockefeller Park with his wife, **Margaret McTear** (who suggested the idea of an outdoor portrait), their six-year-old daughter, **Catharine**, and the family pooch, **Tuffy**, a Great Dane. The photograph they chose was even more informal than planned. As

the family was walking to its nearby home after the 30-minute session, Clark took pity on his tired daughter and boosted her skirt. **Paul Penn** photographer **Paul Strupp** hurriedly reloaded his camera for the shot. "It was the most natural of the lot," he says. In contrast, Trudeau posed for his staff photographer, **Robert Cooper**, with his sons, **Justin**, **Sebastian**, and **Michael**, in September at St. James Drive, complete with a champagne toast. Christmas week to add a festive touch. Staff members in both camps willingly set to stuffing the envelopes—25,000 for Trudeau, 20,000 for Clark—in time for a speedy delivery by Canada Post. The cost: \$12,600 in 30-cent stamps.

Also: For those who will not receive a card from either side, Clark's message reads, "May the peace and joy of Christmas be yours throughout the year." Trudeau is even more succinct: "Joyous Xmas, Happy New Year."

It was one of those puffs to which new governments are traditionally prone. **Wayne Hanes**, a 41-year-old back-bencher for the riding of Ontario, presented a Saskatchewan Human Rights Commission review committee with his epics of constructive workers. **Natives** at the job didn't pull their weight, and **Chapman**, a Toronto, Ont. news machinery salesman, "because of incompetence and a hangover." The unwitting back-bencher didn't stop there. Complaining about the declining value of houses, **Hanes** explained that when men went to work and their relatives move in, "the areas flake across the face." The NDP Opposition and foul. Premier **Graet Denner** announced that **Hanes**, one of 41 rookies in his 50th-minute caucus, had been punched off his legislative committee. "Until I feel his attitude has changed." But the rebuke from the premier and an unceremonious apology from a sheepish **Hanes** in the legislature last week didn't stop the NDP and a coalition of minority groups from demanding **Hanes** resign. He resigned himself. As without surprise, he bowed the house. "The member's views do not represent those of the government," and declined to take another action.

—EDITED BY BARBARA RIGHTON

## It's the weight of the wallet

By Trent Frayne

There are only tiny pockets of evidence that word of an economic decline in the real world has seeped through to the golden pool of sports.

The Pittsburgh Penguins, a not irreparable hockey team, played by a 4-1 tie with Detroit the other night before 7,013 cheering patrons, less than half the rink's capacity. The Cleveland Cavaliers, a dreadful basketball team, regularly courted before 16,000 empty seats in an elite chamber, but an accommodated 14,544 behind if need be (though need never be).

However, there's no hint the freebie help has heard that things are tough out there beyond the players. **Garry Mulder**, a string operator for the Philadelphia Phillies, was traded to the California Angels, a white back and said he'd be happy to change his address if the Angels came up with a \$200,000 bonus to atone for the jet lag of the trip west, or whatever. "This is blackmail," cried **Bernie Steven**, the Angel's president, and called off the dogs.

The Toronto Blue Jays thought they'd made a trade for **Graet Denner**, the Yankee third baseman who is growing a fringe long in the tooth, and soon on the brink of a pay-off arrangement with **Nettel** agreed advised them that his was wanted \$15 million for three years' work. "Graig will be 41 in 1985," sighed Pat **Officer**, Blue Jay general manager. "He'll make no sense." **Steve** or **Senay**? Who said there was any sense? The Dodgers offered veteran **Steve Garvey** a three-year deal worth \$15 million, and tears as large as seedless grapes loomed in **Steve**'s baby blues as he read my **Fairfax** was almost sure then he could hear.

But what the hell could **Steve** do? He's getting on. He wants **Senay**. **Senay** wanted \$7.5 million for five years, and the Dodgers and re-pay. No wonder **Steve** was fighting back the tears.

Once, the wife had to do what their managers told them, but that was before free agency and an agreement between the players and the owners called the 30 and five. The 10 and five means that any player who has been in the big leagues for 10 years, the last five of them with one club, has the right to veto a trade. As without surprise, he bowed the house. "The member's views do not represent those of the government," and declined to take another action.

Will, why not? On the playing field there's nothing but money, and there's

no law that says only owners can have two. **Bats-Bryant**, the National Football League has a new agreement with the three commercial television networks in the United States, worth \$1.1 billion over five years. That works out to \$200 million a year for the NFL's 28 teams, and what that means is that before a hot dog is heated or a beer sold, each owner has \$15 million in the vault.

"Television has been a blessing for the owners and players," noted **Pete Rozelle**, the NFL commissioner, just before the recent player strike. "But it can be a mixed blessing, too, because it's partially responsible for the problem we have now."

Pete could have left out the word partially. In truth, television is at the root of all the unrest. The staggering amount of money available to owners feroces the lives of the hard-working players and is the past two years has inspired strikes in baseball and football. Only sports that don't have networks claiming one quarter for TV rights—basketball and hockey—now feeling a squeeze because they depend on the box office.

For the horses, it's hard to tell how much is enough. Even golf, whose athletes often regard their game as less



ing a nose above the madding hordes, has shown more of it. **Earl Henkel**, this month 33 of the best and wealthiest players in the world turned up for an international tournament in San City, 244 km from Johannesburg, a four-day frolic ended the Million Dollar Challenge. Each player in the exclusive, 175 field, which included **Jack Nicklaus**, **Lee Trevino**, and **Johnny Miller** from the United States, **Gerry Norman** from Australia and **Steve Ballastinos** of Spain, among other players, received a minimum of \$20,000. The winner, who arrived off to be **Ray Floyd**, pocketed \$200,000. Nowhere in this sort of affairs, as far as my year-night knows, was a voice raised to inquire if the appearance of these heavy hitters in South Africa was a tacit endorsement of apartheid.

Strictly speaking, this week's in South Africa. San City is a creation of the government's policy of granting so-called independence to so-called tribal homelands. Swapping San City (which means "white" where, right above the black) is to be replaced by **Robobutswana** and therefore officially outside **South Africa**. To participate at all times, isn't that somewhat?

All sorts of countries reject a sports international with South Africa to express revulsion of the segregation policy down there, but, of course, the golfers went on their own live or other business, not as representatives of the fates at home. Chances are, apartheid didn't enter their minds much. The central thought was it's a really old-fashioned sport. When **John Dwyer**, the executive director of the International Golf Association, was lining up teams for World Cup play at Ascot on dates overlapping San City's, a sophisticated American cricket captain commented until he learned if he'd been included on the San City list.

The World Cup tournament was founded 20 years ago by a Canadian, the late **John Jay Higgins**, a chairman at Canadian in Montreal. Higgins called his annual event the Canada Cup, and its aim was to generate goodwill among nations. The idea was to round up the two best golfers in each of dozens of countries for an annual event. But now goodwill is secondary to money, and **Senay**, for one, is a highly commercial period when players aren't as prepared to play for the flag or the national spirit as for a good-sized cheque that obliterates the flag pretty quickly. Aasen, brother



# The comic triumph of SCTV

By Ian Brown

It was the night before Christmas, and all through Melocville not a creature was stirring—not even fat Johnny LaRue. LaRue had passed out in the snow after sucking down a gallon of Canadian Club while searching for Santa. Back at Melocville's television studio, even Libby Wolfson, the host of the *You're So Beautiful* show, had left for home with

her guest Sue Hogstien-Simpson, with whom she had been discussing "what *Howlloak* means to us." Guy Chabriere, the owner of the station, was sound asleep, of course, in guest, malnourished sleeper and matching nightgown. Edith Prickley, the station's manager, was awake—and looking for LaRue, which is why she ended up in Guy Chabriere's bedroom. For Prickley, this was a real comedown from the time she danced like a scolded shrimp at Studio

54 with Pierre Trudeau. "We're very much alike, Edith," he had whispered. "Oh?" she had replied, adjusting her ribcage-strengthened glasses. "Don't tell me you get cramps, too." If that script sounds at all normal, it shouldn't. If it sounds familiar, it probably should—certainly for those who watched last week's Christmas special on SCTV Network. Such *travels* have made SCTV one of the most ambitious television series ever written, acted and

produced by Canadians, and quite possibly one of the most successful pieces of television art ever made.

There is no such thing as an SCTV fan—there are legions of fanatics who follow the show with rabid attention. Every Friday at 12:30 a.m. in EST, five million North American devotees track the shimmering paragon of television, perpetrated by the program's five writers—Andrea Martin, John Candy, Martin Short, Eugene Levy and head writer Joe Flaherty. The Emmy-award-winning SCTV is not on terrestrial television. Instead, it stands its owners on their heads in defiance of what *New Yorker* critic Michael Arlen once described as the "hugs, shared, strangely experienceless experience" of watching television in America. From its humble start in 1977 at Toronto's Second City theatre, an improvisational comedy cabaret, SCTV has become one of the best features on two networks—CBC and NBC. James Wolcott, now the respected television critic at *New York magazine*, has called it "amazingly funny, seductive and needlingly accurate"—rare praise from his quarter.

Now, having endured the departures of three of its stars—Rick Moranis and Dave Thomas, of *Bob and Doug McKinnis* fame (page 34), and Catherine O'Hara—SCTV is regrouping for its own survival, and thriving in the process. For once, the idea in a television show seems to be as important as the show of the cast—and unlike the NBC rival *Saturday Night Live* (SNL), the innovation is a welcome relief. Until SCTV came along, only the occasional and long-viewer-entirety had fans of your late-night comedy show. SNL, interrupted television's diet of empty, meaningless fun for flabby attention spans. Now that five highly disciplined actor-comedians have decided to show TV up for what it is—and perhaps help to redeem it as the comic genius of SCTV has become the best job of all.

The show's success is built on the most difficult foundation possible for any form of comedy: satire. It is a technique that forces one to look at reality, jarring look at things taken for granted. Putting on an independent television station in Melocville—one that recently launched its own satellite—SCTV draws, like its satire, on classic television fare from the madman's golden age, when Sid Caesar's *Four Show of Shows* was launched, to Johnny Carson's *The Tonight Show* and modern-day game shows. Ironically, SCTV relies for its satirical punch on two

cripts that are standard fare, a brilliant attention to detail and extremely simple plots. Details are the responsibility of the show's award-winning makeup and costume designers. As *Yosh and Stan Skinnings*, two Laramiean mountaineers who are the equivalent of Bob and Doug McKinnis, John Candy and Eugene Levy are brilliant in their own right. But the technique of giving each of them a huge role as his face drives home the realization. Aren't every heavily accented immigrant once on television had one?

Details and disguises are only secondary for what is SCTV's greatest asset: the characterizations of its five writer-actors. All of them underwent training in the improvisational workshop at Toronto's Second City. After years of the show as their first in front of live audiences, says Marc Diniswirth, a Toronto writer and former creative

that every man she meets is a closet bear mauler, longing to jump her pointy body. Her snarling high slant is worth every penny of the \$100,000 that each show costs, and it is perfectly suited to a woman who is an amalgam of Bona Barruti, Joan of Arc and Austin Powers on speed.

SCTV's fans believe in the characters because the cast does, too. Eugene Levy, the 36-year-old actor from Hamilton, Ont., who overcame his own professional insecurities to become one of the show's most over-the-top players, treats his characters like family. Woody Toback Jr. is an actor so ardy that he has to work in the 3-D horror flicks of another SCTV inhabitant, John Candy's sword Dr. Tongue. "It's very hard for Woody Toback to act parts," Levy says, made his matter-of-factly. "There is a guy who's a legitimate actor—a guy who just happens to be a hunchback."



Martin as Peter Selouson, Candy as Dr. Tongue, Flaherty as Count Floyd, Short as Ed Grimley. Levy as Woody Toback Jr.; actor-comedians showing TV up for what it is

consultant to the show, "they have more live experience than 99 per cent of the actor-comedians in TV today, and that's a big part of their success."

The need is a depth of character development that draws SCTV's cult audience. It is not only a television show about television but a television novel. Edith Prickley is played by Andrea Martin, a tiny, vulnerable 30-year-old with glasses wears eyes who suspects she is not pretty because she has the kind of long-nosed look that fathers always call "character." But, as Mrs. Prickley, she is instantly and completely transformed into a whirling pinwheel of human contempt, upholstered in hospital skin and concealed

of course. "So he has to play all these kinds of roles because that's all he can get." All Levy's characters possess the same full emotional presence. Gus Gonfalonson's dim offensiveness is heart-wrenching in its humanity. Bobby Bittman is the most pathetically needy stand-up comic ever to have worn a dozen gold chains, a virtual open sore, whose questions as a business reporter on SCTV's *Shore Falls* run to, and stop at, "How much would a place like this cost? Is this cur very expensive? Are your neighbors rich?"

With such deep character roles to invent, it does not matter whether SCTV's fans are too young to have seen

Levy, Candy, Flaherty and (foreground) Short, Martin Short is no such thing as an SCTV fan, just legend of fanatics



MARTIN SHORT





## COVER

the original Sammy Davis Jr. talk show several seasons ago to fully appreciate Joe Flaherty's unadorned takeoff as the host of *The Sammy Maudlin Show*. The original Davis show was an acoustic sit-down. Davis and his acoustic master, William B. Williams, engaged in witty musical banter with their guests. Joe Candy plays William B. to Flaherty's Maudlin, who recently celebrated his 53rd year on *SNL*. A typical exchange:

**Williams B.** Sammy, may I toast you and say something before we start this whole

**Sammy Shishes**

**William B.** I was going to say Shishes.

**Sammy Shishes, Shishes.** I live these show-let words. Anyway, William B., what were you going to say?

**William B.** Sammy, this has been such a pleasure working for you these 33 years.

**Sammy** (grinning): Oh, man. Oh, baby. You caught me off guard with that tripe-type thing. [Between you and Anka, I don't know, I'm falling apart with the love, it's too much, too much. Anyway, we should get it over with the show.] **William B.** (laughing): Whatever you say, daddy.

Brumming with love, Maudlin then reveals an old 1968 Sesame Maudlin Show clip-in black and white, of course—in which William B. is coerced by a rock to the groin thrown by Eugene Levy, playing Lon Chaney Jr., dressed up as Hawkeye's sidekick Chingachgook. Lon Jr. and Sammy collapse with laughter. Says Sammy: "Ho! Ho! Hit him right in the scrotum! What is this—Procter & Gamble?"

There are laughs within laughs in every sidekick. But, within every laugh, there is also a little bit of angst. There is a subtext, a subliminal message in *SNL* Network, and it entails a cultural pain. It is the lotties and bot-

television's unfilled promises.

Perhaps significantly, it is in the mirror, not television, that reform Joe Flaherty's humor. They have done so ever since his childhood in Pittsburgh in a large family, whose active world fit well in a play-it Tennessee Williams wrote. Flaherty-stone comedy starring Blue Oyster Cult was from a family that's attracted to third faces," says Flaherty, an introverted and thoughtful man with a sense of the absurd that rivals Tom Stoppard's. Flaherty and his brother Paul were a writer on the show, and Lawrence of Arabia to often that he looks to father himself that he looked like Peter O'Toole. He definitely does not. They spent hours in the actor constructing intricate desert sets and acting out roles, dressing their little

theatricals. Flaherty served in the Black-cocker Room—a classic, low-budget advertisement for a low-life model. Portions of *SNL*'s recent parody of the circus virtually were the *SNL* from dissolving legs in *Platoon* and *Who's Who*, in which a woodcock named around like a parrot out of work and a voice-over noted, "A terminal day-active animal, the woodcock biomimetic is money driven." It was all rather out of context—just like the *SNL*'s actual nature shows—and the man behind the voice-over showed up later as a mysterious guest on *Headline Challenge*, an excavation of *Front Page Challenge*. As for the woodcock, he was featured in a spoof of Gore Vidal's *The Road, Beyond*, playing a one. *Headline* producer, to attempt cardiovascular resuscitation on the animal in the middle of a highway. The parody is endless. Same, after all, is a narrator's art and it ignores the positive virtues of everything *SNL* certainly takes no prisoners, nothing is sacred.

Andrew Alexander, a tall, bearded man who began professional life as advertising, bought the Canadian rights from *SNL* in 1974 and established a dinner theatre on Toronto's Lombard Street. It quickly attracted *SNL*'s *SNL* and *SNL* as well as Flaherty, O'Hara, Martin, Thomas, Candy and Harold Ramis, who developed the form of *SNL* Network. In fact, all the past and present *SNL* cast, except Rick Martin, have served time at Toronto's Second City.

The first shows—which were essentially the most successful improved shorts worked for *TV* on a budget of \$5,000 a show—were shown on Ontario-

Candy as Johnny Laffan (right) with the Gordini. Flaherty as Sammy Maudlin (left), applying the wrestler's ball of satire to a very cliché of television.



O'Hara as Lolo Matheson with the Jodi Haimmayer Dancers (shown) Candy as Stan and Yoel Shishes. Brilliant attention to the smallest details.

ties of degenet fasting in Sammy Maudlin's "breakdown," one grooved was *The Sammy Maudlin Show* removes some of *SNL*'s highest audience ratings and it is powerfully funny. But Flaherty's Maudlin's satire is also fierce, and it utterly denigrates the anxiety, false emotionality of most talk-show hosts. The message is the repressed embarrassment of Lolly Wellborn voraciously whiffing her anemias when she thinks the camera is not looking. It is the humility of Eugene Levy's character. It is the faulty sentimentality of Martin Short's Vegas nightclub singer as he launches their feelings straight at the audience like a plate of underdone scrambled eggs. And it is the bleak (though very rosy) face of Candy's Johnny Laffan—Johnny the Sad—who stumbles into Melrose's shelter for the homeless and asks, "What's this snail?" Life, someone answers "Piggy," says Johnny. Waves into *SNL*'s whole cloth, satire chimes all of

brother Phil up as an Ark as many times that Joe describes him today as a "little septic." It is the Flaherty brothers' influence that accounts for many of the old movie takeoffs on *SNL*—which some associates consider too loose for younger viewers. "Remember I don't like to go on," says Harold Ramis, an *SNL* alumna who cowrote *Animal House*, *Weekend Update* and directed *Caddyshack*. "I remember last year going up on the *TV* guide and seeing, 'This week *SNL* spoofs that 1960s caper film *Ocean's Eleven*.' I mean, what was I say? I don't know, I was just a kid." The real laughs are South Sea *Seven*, *Two Fall Men* and *Call Northside 777*, with *Armed Street* and *Wanda Skutik*.

No aspect of television escapes the *SNL* wrestler's ball. *SNL*'s faded comedians are often difficult to distinguish from real-life comedians. The brilliant satire. The ad for the local Driftwood Inn, set to Walter Wanderland on steel guitar, boasts Cautious

to help one another out in difficult months, a fierce loyalty resulted that kept entire generations of Second City alumni together throughout their careers. Those luminaries include such Chicago-based musicians as Mark Nichols, Elaine May, Alan Arkin and, more recently, RE Murray and John Belushi.

Andrew Alexander, a tall, bearded man who began professional life as advertising, bought the Canadian rights from *SNL* in 1974 and established a dinner theatre on Toronto's Lombard Street. It quickly attracted *SNL*'s *SNL* and *SNL* as well as Flaherty, O'Hara, Martin, Thomas, Candy and Harold Ramis, who developed the form of *SNL* Network. In fact, all the past and present *SNL* cast, except Rick Martin, have served time at Toronto's Second City.

The first shows—which were essentially the most successful improved shorts worked for *TV* on a budget of \$5,000 a show—were shown on Ontario-

based Global Television in 1974. By 1978, when *SNL* had been syndicated in 45 U.S. cities, Alexander had a 50-percent partner in Charles Allard, a surgeon who owns the ghost Alvaro Development in Toronto. Portions of the show, which was later bought by *SNL* in March 1988, moved to Edmonton and Allard's independent *SNL* station. With nothing to do but work, the cast spent 16-hour days improving skill shows, often on a huge recorder, testing them and performing them. Chase from Second City stage days, they became even more so. Martin Short's brother Michael writes for the show, as does Flaherty's, while Short's brother-in-law, Bob DeLara, is married to Andrea Martin. It is almost as confusing as life in Melrose. Additions have been made along the way. Most recently, in the absence of O'Hara, the show added May Charlotte Wilson to the cast, she played a neurologist. Mary Lou Fendley as Andrea Martin's Barbara. Frump on *SNL*'s parody of *The Journal* that the Second City method and spirit survive.

Unfortunately, the show has had its share of morale problems during the past two years. Alexander puts it down to "the continuing factors we have been faced with over the years, the actors burning out. We have tried to combat this by constantly changing the show to keep it alive and moving the actors as well as the audience. There is the feeling they can take the show anywhere they want it to go." One place it does not fit is into how lives Martin, who tries to work her professional schedule around time spent with her 17-month-old son, Jack, in expecting a second child. May and worries that she is not giving full attention to the show. "Maybe it's all in my head," she says. "Maybe I always thought that my work was only be really good when it encompasses my entire life."

Others, however, attribute the problems to Alexander, who admits he has had a history of contractual problems with the cast. There have also been

*SNL* pays \$300,000 for each 30-minute dose of *SNL*'s weekly devastation. The *SNL* cuts it to a host and pays roughly \$50,000 an episode. Remarkably, for such value, the show is created every week in round-table free-for-alls. But the program's improvisational feel has taken years to achieve. The original Second City theatre was launched in 1959 in Chicago by Bernice Shulman. Shulman developed the comedic instincts of its actors, these actors became rather than funny bones, by holding improvisational workshops in front of live audiences. An audience member would shout out an idea for a skit, and the troupe would perform one on the spot. Because most of the actors subjected to that trial by fire were amateurs forced



problems with residuals—royalties paid to writers and performers after a show starts reruns. TV's equivalent of finding oil in the backyard. Thomas and Morantz say they had to resort to legal warning to get some of their residuals out of Education Spending \$480,000 on each segment (each performer is paid approximately \$175,000 for 12 installments). SCTV Network carries a \$1-million deficit, and Alexander says he's not ready to say money on the show is far still. He is the entrepreneur who has guaranteed steady supply of one-day talent.

Alexander's spoils will come with expanded reruns, which require a backing of 500 programs—perhaps one reason that he was eager to sell to NBC in 1981. However, NBC's involvement has not been entirely salutary. SCTV's ratings have not dropped since the departure of Morantz and Thomas last spring, and O'Hara and the fall, but neither have they impressed the numbers boys around the five-million-viewer mark—compared to eight million for SNL with a budget of roughly \$600,000. Now, kids, the program is the late-night slot—certainly not the hottest viewing time—despite continuing rumors that SCTV will soon replace SNL twice a month. Also, the net complains that NBC does not generously promote the show. What NBC does do is purchase its producers—including, at one point, SNL star Don Novello (Father Guido Sarducci)—into the SCTV show. Because the net has become so close, the producers have had to be sacrificed out again in short order.

The morale problems, of course, may simply amount to the SCTV cast's last for success. Flaherty, for one, has made a lot of people aware—Radner, Aykroyd, possibly Thomas and Morantz—but he has not enjoyed massive ac-



Morantz as Phobias; Flaherty as Cebellier at Studio 54 with Thomas

claim himself. But then, as Harold Ramis points out "When they talk about success they should remember that everybody is making good money, they have been critically acknowledged, and they have already won an Emmy. Every actor who isn't Robert De Niro wants to be But, like Chevy and Tim Cherry Chase—and you're not."

Still, money on will be important to the artistic development of the cast members. The problem lies in the nature of satire, and especially television

Dave Thomas, who left the show with Morantz last spring to film a movie about Bob and Doug McKenzie, complains that "From the standpoint of timing to share it, satire is very unsatisfying; artistically, over a long period of time because you don't create anything. You only knock down other people's efforts. And, after a while, it starts to irritate you."

Fortunately for SCTV, there are still plenty of awards to harness in the nature of satire, and especially television. And there seem to be plenty of interested spectators. After all, SCTV's audience is the mature baby boom generation, a generation overlooked on television, the great communicator, only to grow up and discover that there was very little in the too-few shows, not much real humor, and a scarcity of heavy-duty SCTV provides an abundance of all three. Joe Flaherty was once asked whether the demographic bias of Canadians on SCTV's credits meant that everyone in Canada was naturally amusing. No, said Flaherty, apologetically.

"There are 13 funny people in Canada—and we've got them all!" These have left, and, as SCTV weathers its period of transformation, the program waits for a sign of some greater appreciation from the network. It may or may not come. Whatever happens, however, one thing is certain: the cast is funny for good.

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# Two hosers take off to the movies

Okay, gilly, this is our special on Bob and Doug McKenzie, anyone. But they left the SCTV show, eh? Except, like, this is not about Bob and Doug, who're great guys, but about these two bering hosers they sometimes pretend to be. Jack Moravia and Greta Thomas. Bob plays Nick the slungy one who has all the numbers. Doug plays his slungy brother Doug in *Dave*, this totally relaxed friend of his who has, like, a *Master of Lore* move, whatever that is. Anyway, they just left the show, right? Just took off, eh, to make this movie, *Strange Brew*, which, when it's out, will take you back to the days when you saw "the adventures of Bob and Doug McKenzie in a cool, breezy plot to take over the world." Okay, so what they did, eh, was take \$100,000 they got from their real popular Great White North album to develop the movie script. Then, about, after they received about 150 letters and calls to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Jack Grossberg tells them to direct it themselves, right? And they think, like, no way, take off, Jack. But they do it anyway. And, like, it's new to them and it's better known, but it's okay, eh? They shoot the whole thing in Toronto, except for a scene they have to do in British Columbia, that's it. C'mon, because Moravia's and the other leeches in Ontario, the hosers, wouldn't let the duo pretend to break into one of their plots to see they sneak a movie into a beer bottle and get it free, eh, right? Beautiful, like, but the leechers think it's, like, bad public relations or something.

virtually guest appearance "It was a lot of fun working on this show," says 28-year-old Moravia. "But new opportunities are presenting themselves, and directing a film is a lot more than we expected in terms of commitment of time." The new opportunities, as hosers have it, are, literally, to say the least, a second *Great White North* album, being up as guests of *Saturday Night Live*'s TV special, a second movie, *The Last Free Around*, in which Moravia and Thomas play two motorcycle drivers, a Marisa movie with Don Ackroyd, another Second City album, plus a "new opportunity" neither partner will dis-

count even participating in our own lives," says Thomas. "We were watching it on TV, thirdhand, like viewers." Television satire had come, unceremoniously as always, to parody itself.

Their uneasy awareness of that process seemed to have been one reason Moravia and Thomas left SCTV. Although they still consider the show, because they felt it peaked in its 1983 days when it was produced in Edmonton. But last summer it was clear that the SCTV audience had split into two strata—those who strongly liked Bob and Doug, and the sophisticated, hip viewers who, as Moravia says, "read *The New York Times*



Moravia and Thomas as Bob and Doug: "We weren't even participating in our own lives"

Perhaps one day the whole world will talk about Bob and Doug. This summer when *Strange Brew* is released, just as the phenomenally successful Bob and Doug begin to take off. That is sure to disappoint their fans as much as it disappointed Andrew Alexander, SCTV's executive producer, who Thomas (one of the show's founders) and Moravia left the program this fall to make their film. "I've been doing the show for five years," 28-year-old Thomas observed earlier this month during a break in filming. "And Bob's been doing it for ten. And he has a shorter attention span."

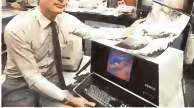
Thomas and Moravia will return for two of SCTV's spring shows, but, with time to write on short supply, these are

close. There is even the possibility of a sequel to *Strange Brew*, which caused MGM to panic. Thomas and Moravia don't tell Bob and Doug off at the end of the movie. "They also said it was not a good way to end a comedy, with the death of the two main characters," says Thomas, laughing his head off.

Like, like Bob and Doug? Take off? But the set that gave 25 million Canadians another season of identity began to pre-Moravia and Thomas a sense that their careers were no longer their own. One evening last year, while writing SCTV material with the television on in the background, the duo heard a record company executive sneeze. Brownie-baited CMT's U-Know Award for best comedy album. "on their behalf"—although they knew nothing about it. "We

Sunday morning and sit back in really strong judgment and scrutiny of what the main members have done." Bob and Doug were not for this group, and neither is *Strange Brew*. Says Moravia: "It's just for entertainment, and that's how we wrote it, with Bob and Doug's minds rather than with the minds of the SCTV writers." For a generation of information sophisticated viewers, seated on the flickering transience of television, satire's conservative, self-destructive appeal is in SCTV is supreme. But, for Thomas and Moravia, parody has begun to wear thin. Says Moravia: "Comedy is what makes people laugh. Satire is what makes people sneeze." Having envisioned it, at 27, suddenly it's time to laugh. Just beauty, eh?

—IAN BROWN



Refined long-term forecasts at the tip of a coin

## WEATHER

# What is the winter's tale?

By Victor Padley

Canadiana could not have been more certain that they were in for a long, cold winter. The rumors of a deep freeze from Japan sweeping northward from the United States as early as last spring were a number of private U.S. meteorologists praised their icy weather predictions on last March's violent eruption in Mexico and the lingering effect on the sun's warm rays. Other reports pointed to the width of tree rings and even the prematurely thickened coats of animals as the real harbingers of a bitterly cold winter. So, Canada's toasty media weathermen were posting on the U.S. reports, and Canadian laypeople relied for the winter's outlook.

But the storm predictions seem to have lost some velocity. Certainly the weather signals have been muted. Unseasonable highs occurred all across Canada during the first week of December. Here/Now, Oct. 3rd, the winter's hot spots with a swelling 23.5 C (73.5 F) on Dec. 3—the highest December temperature ever recorded in Ontario. The following week temperatures hovered several degrees below normal in most of Southern Canada, with readings plunging as low as -8 C within a 30-kilometer period in parts of Saskatchewan. And, even when winter returned, it was not with the customary vigorance. Last

Thursday the entire country was basking in mild temperatures. Significantly, the U.S. National Weather Service recently discounted the influence of the Mexican volcano on North American weather and predicted that, along the Eastern Seaboard at least, it would be a milder winter (see normal).

For their part, Canadian meteorological officials steadfastly refuse to offer a long-term prognosis for the season. "The skills needed in these long-range forecasts are so low that it doesn't even make sense," says Philip Moffitt, chief scientist with the Canadian Climate Centre in Toronto. In fact, most Canadian government meteorologists admit that, beyond us to seven days, their forecasts are only slightly more accurate than a coin toss.

In fact, long-term predictions, unlike short-term forecasts, have not improved significantly in the past decade, according to scientists at the Atmospheric Environment Service (AES), Canada's official weather bureau. With the development of satellite and computer technology in the 1950s and 1970s, a government meteorologist's equations for short-range forecasts now include analysis of temperature, wind and moisture levels from around the surface to the surface and as high as 35 km into the atmosphere. Fed into Canada's major weather computer in Montreal, they can generate 24-hour fore-

casts with up to 65-per-cent accuracy. The results are impressive, but the cooperation between more difficult on Nov. 24 when one of North America's two geostationary weather satellites, NOAA-West, suddenly stopped reporting its twice-a-hour observations of the eastern Pacific. Until a replacement satellite is launched next spring, meteorologists will be without significant scans of an ocean that produces many of the storms that affect the Canadian West Coast. The failure is a partial vindication for those who protested against the 1981 withdrawal of Canada's two satellites, which the government subsequently stationed at the NIC coast.

But, if the science of short-term weather forecasting is improving, there is no computer, says Ian Rutherford, director of the Meteorological Services Research Branch of the AES, capable of processing the mass of global information necessary for consistently accurate long-term forecasts. As a result, most meteorologists still rely heavily on the past as a predictor of future weather patterns. Complicating the accuracy of long-range outlooks are conflicting views of future atmospheric trends. Some scientists hint at cooling global temperatures and a coming ice age, arguing that airborne pollutants are reflecting the sun's rays before they have a chance to warm the Earth. Others suggest that increasing concentrations of carbon dioxide from the burning of fossil fuels in the atmosphere are creating a "greenhouse" effect, blocking the escape of heat into the atmosphere and leading to a long-range heating trend.

For now, the chairman of the Canadian Climate Planning Board, as intergovernmental policy group, recently concluded as a study for the Ontario government that high levels of carbon dioxide will likely increase the temperature of Ontario by as much as 2.5 C by 2020.

Despite the ephemeral quality of long-range weather predictions, the danger for them persists. Some companies have major planning decisions on real estate, forests, and rather than accept the seasonal whimsy of the Canadian weather service, many turn to private meteorologists. At Toronto Weather Consultants, President Morris Kertin's prophecy last week of an unusually mild March right in the heart of the country was greeted with skepticism by the Meteorological Service of Canada. Limited. With an early spring, a Canadian's fancy turns much sooner to a cold beer. "We don't tell them to get married on a certain day," says Kertin. "But, on the whole, we're in the business of predicting Canada's weather, it is not a bad average."

# Kerosene heaters meet a sudden chill

By Ann Kerr

It seemed that the flow of the cozy, tippy portable kerosene heaters of 30 years ago had been turned for good. For the past three years North American distributors have quietly flooded the market with efficient, sturdy, and apparently clean-burning Japanese models. In fact, the revamped versions, ranging in price from about \$125 to \$375, attracted Canadian sales of 350,000 units last winter—three times what were expected to double this year, netting the Canadian industry \$45 million. But recent conflicting reports about the safety of the new fires have left consumers confused and thrown the industry into an uproar.

The latest development in the hotly-contested debate is a report in the Dec. 10 issue of *Science*, a scholarly U.S. journal published by the American Association for the Advancement of Science. It states that indoor measurements of gas emissions produced by kerosene heaters in some cases registered levels exceeding those set by U.S. environmental and health agencies.

While Ann Leshner, who conducted the tests at the John B. Pusey Foundation Laboratory, associated with Yale University, is careful not to draw any conclusions about health or product safety, his study has heightened controversy surrounding another recent U.S. report on kerosene heaters. In its October cover article, *Consumer Reports*, an magazine with a circulation of about 2.9 million, published by the U.S. Consumers Union, alleged that the latest models pose a serious hazard level of gases that may cause health problems for a number of groups, including pregnant women, children, the elderly and people with cardiovascular and respiratory problems.

Not surprisingly, the North American kerosene industry is seeking over-the-shoulder Koro-Sen Inc., the largest U.S. distributor—most kerosene heaters sold in Canada and the United States are manufactured in Japan—has launched a lawsuit claiming \$4.6 million in punitive damages against the Consumers Union for libel. A company news release says the suit charges that "80 false or misleading statements pertaining to portable kerosene heaters in



Environ and Nuclea, June Carter debate over safety

general and to those marketed by Kerosene in particular" were contained in the article. Kerr also has sought a full retraction. As well, the National Kerosene Heater Association, representing most of the other U.S. companies, retailed by releasing a consultant's study of kerosene heaters earlier this month which concluded that there is no verifiable threat to health.

Consumer Reports maintains that, when testing a small heater in a moderately sized, well-ventilated room, emission rates of four gases—carbon monoxide, carbon dioxide, nitrogen dioxide and sulfur dioxide—rose to levels above those set by the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency and other regulatory bodies. But, in a written statement presented to the U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission, Koro-Sen said that combustion emissions from its heaters would be more than 30 times lower than the levels reported in the article and see well within the federal standards for air quality. Robert K. Arkins, Koro-Sen's senior vice-president and general counsel, countered that emissions used to be made in a room with

perature of more than 90 C. "Common sense dictates that, before any safety hazard could develop, a consumer would cure the heater off, open a door or window, or leave the room," Arkins said. Fueling the conflict and confounding consumers even further, a report in the November issue of *Consumer Consumer*, published by the Consumers' Association of Canada (CAC), supports kerosene heaters. The group tested four models sold in Canada and gave them good marks for fuel safety and fuel efficiency. But CAC testers decided not to monitor air pollutants, partly because of the variable grades of kerosene fuel available.

Kerosene heater distributors in Canada contend that the Canadian Standards Association (CSA), which has members representing business, consumers and government, subjects its test products to even more stringent examination than agencies in the United States. The CSA has certified 58 models now available in Canada, while Underwriters Laboratories of Canada have passed another 14, using the same standards. But the association does not monitor nitrogen dioxide and sulfur dioxide emissions at all.

All recent hearings into heater safety by the U.S. Consumer Products Safety Commission, the agency expressed concern about possible health threats and called for more research. In Minnesota the state health department issued a warning in October discouraging pregnant women and people with asthma, heart or lung disease from using the heaters. A first resolution of the problem may come when the commission concludes its own tests of kerosene heaters next year. The study will likely smooth preliminary findings in January and determine whether or not voluntary standards need tightening.

For his part, Toronto politician Harold Kinsman says that even after reading the *Consumer Reports* article he is inclined to keep his kerosene heater. In his words, the only viable means of warming up his frailty Toronto couch is good. Canadian Consumer's Christine Horrocks believes that the current controversy over kerosene heaters is not likely to cool off consumer interest in an alternative heat source that can substantially cut fuel bills. ☐



Completed Garrison canal in North Dakota. "We have only one and a half, not the war"

## ENVIRONMENT

# A defeat for Garrison

The Garrison Diversion Project—the massive long-range plan to tap the water of the Missouri River for arid farming areas in North Dakota—began as an American dream in 1989. But since 1946 the American dream has looked the Canadian and U.S. governments in a dispute over the environmental threat of silt and nitrogen entering water—high salt levels—grazing north into Manitoba, which could damage Canadian fish stocks and pellets drinking water. Canadian and U.S. opponents of the project were charged last week, however, when the U.S. House of Representatives defeated a proposal for interim funding of the vast project by a vote of 232 to 182.

Anti-Garrison forces were jubilant. "We consider this a major victory," said Gerry McKinnis, Manitoba chairman of the United Canadian-American Anti-Garrison Lobby. The \$1.8-billion plan was a complicated network of canals, reservoirs and pumping stations that was launched to help 1,700 U.S. farmers by irrigating 350,000 acres and in new one-fifth complete.

Canadians are most incensed by Garrison's extravagant plan to join two incompatible water systems: the Missouri River drainage basin, which flows south to the Gulf of Mexico, and the Hudson Bay basin, which flows north through Manitoba. A completed Garrison would link the basins through the northwestern-flowing Red River. As a result, experts fear that migrating Missouri River fish could crowd out Canadian species. Garrison waters would also pollute the Red and Souris river systems.

This year the Manitoba government will spend more than \$100,000 on anti-Garrison lobbying. And last spring a federal-provincial Canadian lobby, led by such entities as Employment and Immigration Minister Lloyd Axworthy and Senator Duff Roblin, travelled to Washington to urge a halt to further Garrison funding. The pressure, combined with a congressional anti-silt mood, paid off. The vote last week denied Garrison operational funding until March 15 and left opponents optimistically optimistic. Bruce Davis, first secretary in the environment section of the Canadian Embassy, said the vote "constituted a vital turning point in the debate—for the first time Congress has registered a negative vote on Garrison."

But the congressional setback has done little to slow the northern Human Resources, manager of the Garrison Diversion Conservancy District. He said that he is confident the appropriation "would be in the Senate version of the bill." Anti-Garrison organizers acknowledge that the scheme is far from dead, and Manitoba plans to maintain its Washington lobbying effort. According to Ringbush, defeat in the Senate could mean that the request for funding would be reintroduced before the congressional public works committee after the new U.S. Congress convenes in January. Says Omer Korman of the Action Committee Against Garrison: "You must remember we have only won one battle, not the war."

—PETER CARLYLE GORDON  
in Winnipeg

## SCIENCE

# The mouse that grows

Two dozen mice living in cages in San Diego and Philadelphia last week caused the scientific world. What attracted attention was the revelation that an entire herd of mice, taken from a rat and transplanted onto the cells of the mice when they were only fertilized eggs, had caused them to grow to twice the normal size. The results of year-old experiments conducted by seven U.S. researchers were published in the British journal *Nature* last week. The breakthrough heralds a new era in the burgeoning field of recombinant DNA, or gene-splicing technology. Now, the researchers have dramatically demonstrated that transplanted genes can not only change the growth of mammals they can also pass their newly acquired characteristics on to subsequent generations. One of the enlarged mice became a father last month in Philadelphia, and some of his 19 offspring appear to be growing twice as fast as their brothers and sisters.

The implications of the achievement are staggering. "Once you see a big mouse, it's pretty obvious that this could be done with any farm animal," says University of Washington biologist Richard Palmer, one of the authors of the study. They do not foresee the technology being used in humans—far from the sexual appliances are

"Mighty Mouse" (left) gleets down death?



drumlike enough, as is the always-present potential for abuse in future applications. As it is, genetically engineered animals would grow faster at first, as normal.

As if all that were not enough, the gene that regulates the growth hormone, and was manipulated to grow larger mice, is only one of thousands in animal chromosomes. Theoretically, now that the technology has worked with one gene, it should be possible to engineer other characteristics—to create sheep with woolier coats, eggs with higher protein and poops that produce richer soil. "The applications [of recombinant DNA] are really only a matter of imagination," declares another author of the study, biologist Ronald Evans of San Diego's Salk Institute.

In addition to agriculture, the pharmaceutical industry stands to benefit from the "Mighty Mouse" technology. Although certain proteins, such as insulin for the treatment of diabetes, are currently manufactured by means of bacterial cloning in the laboratory, others—such as the blood-clotting factor that causes hemophilia—are difficult, if not impossible, for bacteria to produce. Since the experimental mouse chronicle in *Nature* have as much as 800 times more growth hormone in their blood than normal mice, other beneficial substances might be "harvested" from the blood of larger animals.

A year ago, when the researchers began their collaboration, such heady thoughts were only whispered. First, Evans, a specialist in gene replication, isolated the growth hormone gene of a rat and cloned it by using bacteria. Evans and Palmiter then fused the rat gene with a regular [metallo]thionein, a substance that controls the amount of growth hormone the animals actually produce. After the new gene had been put into the cells of mice at the University of Pennsylvania, injected hundreds of eggs of the gene into fertilized mouse eggs, hoping that some would be incorporated into the mouse chromosomes. (Of 150 eggs treated and implanted, 35 had the new gene, and seven of them grew to have the extra gene and grew abnormally large.)

How soon the new technology will move from the laboratory to the barnyard is unknown. Although Palmiter points out that taking genes into the fertile eggs of mice is "a very tedious undertaking," he cautions that less than a year to achieve success with mice "there might be difficulties in transferring this to larger animals, but molecular biologists have usually been able to give genes to other species very easily," concludes Evans. It may not, after all, be too early for farmers to consider engineering their huts.

—PAT OLSZEKOWSKI in Toronto

## MEDICINE

# New faces for Down's kids

Until last month, nine-year-old Steven Cameron was burdened by many of the facial characteristics of the congenital chromosomal abnormality called Down's syndrome—slanted eyes, flat nose and face, an exceptionally large tongue and a drooping lower lip. But a successful operation performed by plastic surgeon Dr. Jim Munro at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children has corrected those problems. Munro and his colleague Dr. Ronald Zuker are the first Canadian surgeons to perform a complete facial make-over on such children in a single operation. As Munro's first patient, Steven underwent relatively simple and painless surgery. It is hoped that such operations will alleviate speech and eating prob-

ing the lower lip, building up the nose, thickening and drooping the ears, straightening the inner slant of the eyes (which is often achieved by raising the bridge of the nose), and bringing the ears closer to the head. The cost of the operation varies depending on the number of procedures carried out, but Munro tells through media he normally covers the average \$10,000 to \$20,000 fee.

Although the first plastic surgery of this kind was performed in Germany 24 years ago and more than 300 children have undergone the operation in several operations have been carried out in North America. One reason is that the results are still not conclusive. For one thing, there is no proof that respiratory ailments decrease, as hoped following surgery, or that speech improves. For another, according to Fran Munro-Buell, a speech and language pathologist working with Munro, "There is so much involved in speech, not just tongue use but also tongue co-ordination and thinking I just don't know how much it will help."

The long-term social value of altering the faces of children with the syndrome is also in question. Many parents are offended by the implication that their children are ugly. Eighty-five-year-old Theresa got an eight-year-old Toronto girl with Down's syndrome. "Why isn't society accepting Theresa as she is?" Others are particularly concerned in light of recent evidence that some of the children who have new faces and can function in society without the operation. David McFarlane, the subject of an acclaimed CBC documentary and perhaps the most celebrated Canadian with Down's syndrome, does not see why anyone would want to change him. "I like the way I am now," he says.

"What I'm hoping for," explains Steven's mother, Sheila Cameron, "is that if Steven is not readily identifiable, people will expect more of him. The more expectations people put on him, the better he performs." And, for his part, Munro is convinced that "there will come a day when every child with Down's syndrome will have this operation." —JUDY SHAFER in Toronto



Down's girl before and after nasal and tongue surgery

lems in children with Down's syndrome and that normalizing their appearance will aid their educational and social development. But, as some parents of the children hurry to sign up for the procedure, many other parents and doctors are raising ethical and medical questions about the need for such an operation.

Recent an international conference on mental disorders in Toronto last summer, which drew attention to the relatively new surgery, Munro has been inundated with requests from the parents of children with the syndrome. He now has 50 new operations scheduled—two a week. To assess the needs of each child, he has mobilized a team of experts, including a psychologist, an orthodontist and an anthropologist (who measures the face to determine the severity of the new contours). Munro's technique involves reducing the size of the tongue by removing a wedge-shaped slice out of the front, tightening



Newsline in Toronto's Canadian Press editorial offices. If you don't send somebody out, you don't know what you missed

## MEDIA

# A long, slow squeeze in the newsrooms

By Ian Austin

Until last week, staff cutbacks happened through the editor's newspaper editorial offices have, for the most part, been a quiet affair. The newsrooms, stirred down editors and vanishing freelance contributions have not sparked the same sort of outcry that followed the dramatic 1980 slayings of the *Ottawa Journal* and *The Winnipeg Tribune*. The depth of the current round of cuts reflected new pragmatism on Saturday when a editorial rejection and vote to strike by some employees of *The Globe* and *Mail*—it laid off 51 employees this summer—battered on the prospect of the first major labor disruption at a Toronto newspaper since 1964.

While cutbacks and layoffs at Canada's self-styled "national newspaper" have created the most publicity, few Canadian newspaper readers have escaped the effects of recession-spurred newsroom slayings. Staff reductions have occurred recently at the *Vancouver Sun* and *The Province*, *The Gazette* in Montreal, *The Windsor Star* and others. And those reductions, many critics charge, are gradually limiting Canadian view of themselves and the world. Almost every paper in the country—whether or not it has changed staff like *The Globe*—has reduced the amount of space devoted to news. Other cutbacks have extended to travel, news agency services

and funds for developing enterprise stories. Occasionally, events go unreported for lack of staff. Fears of declining quality in *The Letterbox* *Review* even prompted a citizens group in southern Alberta last week to organize a boycott against it.

For his part, Gordon Fisher, the president of Southern Star, resigned in August that he 14-newspaper group was heading for a 30-per-cent drop in advertising revenue, an advertisers attempted to ride out the recession by rejecting their promotional budgets and disavowed advertising dried up. He summoned the paper's publishers to the company's headquarters Toronto boardroom, and, after a day of discussion, they decided that the time had come to cut jobs. While not every Southern paper took action, a total of 400 jobs have been lost in the newspaper group.

But, from a reader's point of view, it is probably debatable whether newsroom layoffs mean more than the thousands of other staff cuts the recession has spread throughout all sectors of the economy. Don Westell, a reporter for the *Globe's* Report on Business and executive member of the paper's close-to-60-member newspaper guild unit, admits that the changes are not immediately apparent. Says Westell: "It's not something that people notice day by day. You only see it if you compare today's paper to one from two years ago." He argues that a newspaper's

quality is a direct result of how much time its editors, photographers and reporters can put into their assignments.

It was the fear of losing even more jobs that caused the *Globe's* editorial, inside circulation and maintenance delivery workers—represented by the Southern Ontario Newspaper Guild—to vote, with a 65-5-per-cent majority, to reject the company's latest contract offer and authorize their executive to continue talks and call a strike if necessary. It was not immediately clear following the strike-vote meeting in a downtown Toronto hotel what that will mean for the paper. Gerald McGuire, the paper's director of labor relations, said he was not sure if the company would continue talking. "We gave them a final offer, so there might not be much to talk about." In the event of a strike, the *Globe's* management said that the paper will continue to publish if there is a walkout. And, even if the union does not immediately set up pickets, the prospect remains that the company might beat them to the draw and lock out the disgruntled workers.

The current crisis at the *Globe* dates back to July, when the paper's publisher, A. Roy Maguire, announced that his efforts to improve profits would have to include job cuts (Macfarlane, July 13). He faced a situation similar to the one at Southern, the recession-induced advertising slump, which hit hardest at the lucrative *Commerce* section of the *Re-*

port on Business, had cost the Globe \$14 million. (At that time, Megarry admitted that the paper was still profitable.) He now says it is in the red. Neither the Globe nor Thomson Newspapers Ltd., whose revenues were up five per cent in the first nine months of the year, will release any of the relevant figures.) The public's reaction to Megarry's move was swift: It toppled the demands of 11 of its members to arbitrators at the Ontario Labour Relations Board (OLRB). The OLRB charged that the Globe, among other things, had violated contract agreements that provided for layoffs only if management determines that the "financial stability" of the paper is in jeopardy.

The union insisted, as much the OLRB heard final evidence last week, has turned the job-security issue into a major deadlock at new contract negotiations. In a letter to all employees last week, Megarry complained that the

Press Press (PP), United Press of Canada and other services. Ironically, CP, Canada's leading—and, for many papers, only—agency, has not been immune to outside itself. Owned, governed and largely financed by its 116 member newspapers, the co-operative has been forced to tighten its belt as well. One of the major results is that 30 editorial positions are now vacant because of attrition. While CP continues to provide member newspapers with its usual volume of material, its president, Keith Kincaid, says he believes that the member newspapers "don't understand the extent to which our service has slipped." Sometimes, notes Kincaid, "we sort of meet the newspaper outbacks coming the other way"—and stories are not covered at all. Typically, a mid-afternoon newspaper will choose not to send a reporter to an event, assuming it can use the CP account. At the same time, understaffed CP will assume it can rework the local member paper's

funerary Publications Ltd. Although the paper's circulation is only 21,000, it has gained a reputation for providing above-average national and international coverage in addition to providing good local stories. But, since the September arrival of the paper's new managing editor, John Warrington, much of that has changed. Charles Edwin Weidner, the University of Lethbridge professor who hosted the protest meeting, "The Herald is being converted into something that I find is offensive and insulting to the community." Major foreign stories—such as the death of Louis Bouché—he says, no longer make the front page and are buried as small accounts inside the paper, and "note" photos have displaced more solid local reporting. Last week's gathering, which took place at the offices of the Quality Journalism, launched its protest on two fronts. On Jan. 13 the group plan to hold a public forum to examine the paper's changes and the broader issue of press responsibility. The counter-meeting and stop will be in arms Lethbridge residents to boycott the Herald for one week. The newspaper responded two weeks ago with an unsigned, front-page editorial, which says that criticism of the paper's changes "have been blown out of proportion."

But the Lethbridge committee is not the only group keeping an eye on Thomson. In Ottawa, Michael Ianke Minister James Fleming has watched the cutbacks and dismissed them, among other things, with journalists and publishers alike. Fleming's admission, however, that he drafted the proposed Canadian newspaper act. Says Fleming, "I hope the cutbacks are temporary and not an excuse to keep costs down in the long run." The newspapers act, which Fleming hopes to bring to Parliament in the spring, is Fleming's response to the Royal Commission on Newspapers headed by Tom Kent (which was chaired by the Ottawa and Winnipeg newspaper clowns) Fleming has already revealed that he will likely present a bill that will freeze Thomson and Southam's shares of national circulation at their current 21.3 per cent and 27.3 per cent, respectively.

And the ghosts of the dead Thomson-owned Globe Journal and Southam's Winnipeg Tribune are also lingering in the courts. Sometime this year, Thomson and Southam will have to answer to three charges of conspiracy to reduce competition and two charges under the merger and monopoly provisions that emerged from the so-called Black Wednesday decisions. Whatever the outcome, it seems certain that the attention paid by once again heightened public scrutiny of the business practices of the corporation that owns their daily newspapers. □

## RELIGION

# Death of a holy language

A night away Sunday morning, Rev. Michel Zamora says mass in a fourth-century church perched on a craggy mountain in Ma'alula, Syria. The tiny church, called Mar Sarkis, is famous throughout the Christian world for two reasons. It hosts the oldest altar in continuous use—a 1,700-year-old slab of marble, originally used as a pagan sacrificial table—and it is one of the few places in the world where services are conducted in Aramaic, which many scholars believe was the mother tongue of Jesus Christ. And it is from his office in the convent that Father Zamora is waging a battle to preserve that ancient language.

Dating back to the seventh century B.C., Aramaic, which is related to Hebrew and Arabic, was one of the official languages of the Persian Empire and—for a time—regional Hebrew as the language of the Jews. Indeed, parts of the Book of Daniel were written in Aramaic, and the Lord's Prayer was probably first spoken in Aramaic. Today, 15,000 Christians and 25,000 Jews in 190 scattered villages from Syria to Israel and Iraq speak Neo-Aramaic, a descendant of the original language. Says Yousab, a professor of Hebrew and Semitic languages at the University of California in Los Angeles and a native speaker, "In all the Aramaic villages, the language is dying out. This is the last generation of Aramaic-speaking people."

The reason is occurring as a result of the migration of Aramaic-speaking peoples to larger cities and to Europe and the United States. Indeed, Father Zamora's largest legacy in the bus, the

symbol of progress and 20th-century economies that is overrunning the isolated villages of Ma'alula, Hama and Jabbadin. It is the cheap form of public transportation that carries villagers into higher-paying jobs in the Arabic-speaking heartland of Syria.

As well, the major languages of the Middle East—especially Arabic—are overtaking Aramaic in the language of commerce, and the inhabitants are becoming more and more uneducated. Schools in Ma'alula, for example, teach only in Arabic. As a result, the living tones of Aramaic can only be heard in homes and in church services of the neo-Orthodox Greek Catholics. Father Zamora stands around in a black frock and the pulpit but, that night, his soft, eager to share wisdom in theological and religious treasures of his language and culture, as if the rich remnants are proof of the importance and urgency of his campaign. He is often invited to communicate by tape recorder, having organized cassette in 18 languages, from Czech to Romanian—the language of the gypsies—to "talk" to visitors.

Father Zamora adamantly refuses to accept the fact that the dialect of Jesus Christ may soon become obsolete, pointing out that some 6,000 people still speak Aramaic in the three villages alone. A figure he writes and rewrites on his palm for emphasis. But the bus has traffic in the village square indicates otherwise. And, despite Father Zamora's zeal, it seems doubtful the poetry of the Aramaic villages can be defeated by small contributions from infrequent visitors and portland sales.

—BOB WRIGHT in Beirut

Mar Sarkis: one of the few churches in which services are conducted in Aramaic



Rev. Michel Zamora: getting into the last-off game

## TRAVEL

# Last-chance vacations

Just as most Canadians were beginning to thank they could only afford a winter trip under a sun lamp this year, the recession has yielded an unexpected bonus benefit. A vast surplus of would-be vacation package tours and flights to southern holiday destinations has forced commercial tour operators to unload as many as a third of their seats and second-class accommodations at steep discounts. From Czech to Romania—the language of the gypsies—to "talk" to visitors.

Father Zamora adamantly refuses to accept the fact that the dialect of Jesus Christ may soon become obsolete, pointing out that some 6,000 people still speak Aramaic in the three villages alone. A figure he writes and rewrites on his palm for emphasis. But the bus has traffic in the village square indicates otherwise. And, despite Father Zamora's zeal, it seems doubtful the poetry of the Aramaic villages can be defeated by small contributions from infrequent visitors and portland sales.

—BOB WRIGHT in Beirut



Father J. J. Murphy, working in front of the Herald's editorial and printing

action took "what I regard as careful wording and a clear and obvious need for layoffs to an arbitrator for adjudication." It is a bid to prevent that from happening again, the Globe wants full protection of economic participation for layoffs struck from the job-security clause in a new contract. That, charges Paul Kane, membership secretary for the union's Globe unit, would give the company an "indefinite right" to further layoffs. Last month Megarry told the Financial Post that "only a fool would say there won't be any more staff cuts."

The answer to cutbacks for some papers has been a greater reliance on the means of news agency that spun into their newsrooms from the Cus-

account for transmission over the wires. In the end, no reporter shows up. How serious is the issue? Says Kincaid, "The problem is that, if you don't send somebody out, you don't know what you need."

While quickly-supplied changes have swept into many papers almost unnoticed, change at The Lethbridge Herald has made an impact. In fact, the paper's change in coverage and design has so disturbed some residents of the university and government centre southwest of Calgary that 15 Herald readers gathered last Tuesday to see what they could do to reverse its current course. Like the Globe, the Herald was acquired by Thomson in 1969 through the purchase of the new de-

F Lawton and Martin Travel into the self-off business last month, Canadians in most major cities can now obtain discount holidays from their own agent without the usual \$25 to \$50 club fee.

As many as 30 agencies in Toronto and many more across Canada are now vying for last-chance travel dollars. The ads are not elaborate and the fares speak for themselves. In British Columbia the chain of eight Maple Leaf Travel offices has a special phone hotline with a recording of the week's self-off bargains. Voyages In-Air, a chain of seven Quebec agencies, was among the first to advertise self-offs in the Montreal papers just last month. Canny consumers they around because the same tour package may be discounted differently at each agency, depending on inventory. James Addams, 58, a retired Vancouver plumber who has been to Nanaimo and Mexico on self-offs, in typical of the travellers who are most suited to the new deals because he can leave on short notice. But now the lure of self-offs has been attracting the mass market—people with holidays scheduled months ahead.

What is good for the consumer, however, is disastrous for the industry. By fostering last-minute bookings, agents are helping to undermine the once booming and now revenue-reliant tour business, evidenced by the collapse of Skylark/Sunlight last year. Canadian air carriers alone are expected to lose \$50 million this year, according to Denis Gill, president of the fourth-largest tour operator in Canada, Toronto-based Penta-Wayfarer. Gill describes the self-off shift as "industry genocide" and says the loss of revenue will eventually lead to a massive restructuring of the airline industry in Canada. Already, small agencies are going under in Ontario at the rate of about two a week. Some agents are now desperately trying to counter the trend by offering good discounts for advance bookings. But at savings of five to seven per cent, their bargains pale in comparison to the 15 to 20 per cent off on last-minute self-offs. Suburban Toronto agent Hal Barza, who is eager to survive, has designated one of his staff as a self-off specialist. "Self-offs are a very important part of my business right now—16 per cent," he says.

But, as the industry tries to ride its odds in anticipation of further recessionary tides in the travel business, some agents predict that last-minute tours will not survive the winter. Bruce McDougall, president of Montreal-based Voyages In-Air, predicts that the self-off business will be back to zero per cent by the market next year. "For the industry, that would be good news. For the consumer it could mean a return to set lamps."

—KARLAIN DODDLETT in Toronto



Denker: a stappily controlled play with vocal charms and gross deliveries

## THEATRE

# A stage without theatre

ALTMAN'S LAST STAND

By Charles Denker  
Performed by Eric Denker

Many recent Canadian plays have been produced onstage even though their lack of truly theatrical qualities makes them more suited to radio. Single-character sermons, in particular, frequently do not justify vocal presentation, and Altman's *Last Stand* at Toronto Workshop Productions is no exception. Written by Toronto author Charles Denker, whose impressive credits include novels, plays and screenplays, Altman's *Last Stand* is shoddily constructed, trite and sentimental. Denker does not get much help from veteran performer Eric Denker, whose name alone shows *The Wonderful World of Sarah Davis* has enjoyed two national tours (this production will also cross the country). Having chosen to direct himself, Denker does not have enough perspective to polish Altman's trivial charms and cover up its grosser blunders.

The play is set in the office of 88-year-old Franz Altman, an antique dealer whose store stands in the way of a real estate development. Altman's reminiscing of his life story is punctuated by phone calls misquoting an dramatic action from the developer's lawyer and an ex-wife who wants a reconciliation

after seeing his struggle on 60 Minutes instead of inventing Altman's story with a genuine narrative and some intelligent characterization. Denker serves usual jobs—young Altman (contrasting to push his faintest guesswork of a term, which—what flat in the telling. Moreover, the tableaux are so overworked and full of absurd coincidences that they unintentionally mock the staged seriousness of certain scenes, especially those set in Auschwitz. Sex is a running motif, and emotional logic is nonexistent, who, for example, does Altman act try to find his wife and children, after being separated from them by the war, when he knows where they are?

Altman's saving grace in regard to his oldest's plotlines, reluctantly spiffed by quotations from Tennyson ("To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield"). However, it is difficult to sympathize anyone, young or old, feeling his parody of a self-destructing inner city. "Is there centre" anything but coy and patronizing. Denker's delivery, intended to be cruel, is merely dry and monotone, without guidance, he is defeated by the banal text and his attempts to inject much-needed commentary into the later scenes, by repeatedly sitting down and standing up again, are quite testimony to the hopelessness of his task. Sarah Davis loves, because

—MARK DOLVEN

## THE ARTS

# A low return for an expensive export

Slampered over the heads of West Berlin, the posters have proven sharply prophetic. Beating the drum for *GWanda*, the largest single exhibit of Canadian culture ever mounted abroad, the design pays tribute to the German spelling with a irony, hand-scratched smudges on the text, the "O," Montreal graphics who Vittorio Perrecci has evoked bright concentric circles more commonly seen on a dart board. As if on cue, *GWanda* had barely opened at West Berlin's prestigious Akademie der Künste when the month when it became an easy target

painting retrospective, which attempted to span two centuries of art with only 11 artists (all dead), were the only signatures they knew well—Jean-Paul Riopelle and Alex Colville.

More puzzling to the art patrons of West Berlin, a city boasting one of Europe's best-run young painting schools, was contemporary art curator Pierre Thiébaux's decision to reflect the current Canadian scene with only three artists, Max Iden, Betty Goodwin and John Murney. And, instead of museum, each presented a small-scale exhibition in protest against Thiébaux's selection.

The attempts at transatlantic communication also produced some strange results. Highlighting the five performers to play natural harmonicas, the Germans spawned the likes of Anne Murray and the National Ballet for groups East out of the Canadian music scene. The Duany Goodman Dance Company, the Cape Breton Symphony, local throat singers Nellie Nungak and Alan Talaga, and the Glass Orchestra (four York University composition graduates who knew in a recent tribute of classical to punk, dance and slow cut their fragile, resonant rhythms).



The Glass Orchestra at West Berlin: the largest-ever foreign export of Canadian culture

At Canadian artists, under the satirical banner *GWanda*, made their own way to West Berlin to showcase the alternative art scene. "There's so much happening in Canada," lamented Toronto artist Bruce Conner, "and so much wasted space here."

However, that waste was never meant to be devoted to a national naming-day, emphasized Geoffrey James, the show's chief organizer. "We didn't set out to be representative," said James in his opening speech. "We only want to show some of the things that are going on and hope that a dialogue can begin."

Unfortunately for the cause of dialogue, some 800 pages of catalogue overviews are currently available only in German, since a deal with Toronto's Coach House Press to republish them in English and French fell through.

With the well-regarded plays Billy Bishop-Gordon Roy and Henrik Wulfsberg, *The Slave He Never Gave*, the main film program and such *CanLit* stars as Margaret Atwood, Anne Herbert and Michael Ondaatje still to arrive in January, the judgments on *GWanda* are far from final. At least there is some encouragement from the West Berlin arts who have found Canada to research the show. "There's a very strong energy, a very real drive to be different from what your European roots and the American influence," said the scenic art's program co-ordinator, Nick Herbig. "If that energy has not yet been successfully translated, the hope remains that the next time the country sets its sights as the international arts stage it will sit closer to the mark."

—MARI DE DONALDI in West Berlin

## A disciple of ambition



Johnson in 1941: doing whatever was necessary to hold the reins of power

THE YEARS OF LYNDON JOHNSON:  
THE PATH TO POWER

By Robert A. Caro

(Random House, 392 pages, \$26.95)

Lyndon Baines Johnson was four years old in 1912 when his cousin Ava began riding her daisy by the family farm to take him to school. After a few days he wanted that he ride in front and hold the reins. "No, Ava's older and it's my daisy," Ava protested. "No, Ava's bigger and Ava wants ride in front," he demanded. "Ah want to ride in front." Inevitably, LBJ got what he wanted.

That incident demonstrates more than just the notorious stubbornness of the man who became the 36th president of the United States. As interpreted by Robert Caro in his mammoth, exhaustive biography—the first of three projected volumes—the daisy anecdote is almost a paradigm of Johnson's basic character: an absolute determination to do whatever was necessary—to wait, lie, cheat, dissemble, anything—to hold the reins of power. With his roots in Texas' impoverished Hill Country, Johnson's

basic character was essentially "a shape so hard it would never change."

Not surprisingly, Caro's portrait is anything but flattering. At a boy playing baseball, Johnson had to pitch or he would simply take his ball—the only ball—and go home. Thirty years later, the junior congressman would hold court at Washington cocktail parties and, if his suitcases turned over in disgust or indifferent, he would reflow on the nearest sofa and go to sleep. At college he played the fawning symphony to his professors, literally sitting at their feet and gazing up adoringly as they spoke. But his fellow students regarded him as arrogant and conceited, his campus nickname, used to his face, was Bull—because, according to his college newspaper, "he was a man who just could not tell the truth."

All the traits that distinguished Johnson the politician—the daisy anecdote in almost a paradigm of Johnson's basic character: an absolute determination to do whatever was necessary—to wait, lie, cheat, dissemble, anything—to hold the reins of power. With his roots in Texas' impoverished Hill Country, Johnson's

own discussion of issues rather than be forced to declare exactly where he stood in Congress he used the same techniques. Spinning repartees lasting in the corridors, he would frequently turn on his heel and go the other way.

It was not that LBJ lacked openness; his political maneuvering was always that of a conservative Democrat. But taking a public position would reduce his room for maneuvering and might jeopardize his control of those who disagreed with him. Indeed, whole years went by in which Johnson did not utter a single word in the House of Representatives. His private remarks were so carefully conveyed that liberals and conservatives alike both automatically assumed that he agreed with them. By the time they caught on to his subtle force-feeding, he had won the friendship of powerful sponsors—then House Speaker Sam Rayburn, to whom LBJ was like a surrogate son, and former president Franklin Roosevelt, who respected Johnson's political talent.

Disparaging as Caro is, he gives Johnson his political due. The man was a genius at engineering, at persuasion, at finding the face-saving compromise that everyone could tolerate, at secrecy and, when necessary, at ruthlessness. On the campaign trail, he set worked harder, drove further or shook more hands. He pushed his own workers to exhaustion, and no one moved because he pushed himself further. And he got things done. For builder Herman Brown, who became Johnson's chief financial backer, he "was engineering the impossible." Engineering through Congress authorizations for the huge Marshall Ford Dam, which settled millions for his patron's firm, Brown & Root, Inc. For his backward constituents, Johnson carried out education in Washington with rural electrification, finally bringing the 36th congressional district into the 20th century. The year was 1938.

This is a remarkable book—a productivity in writing a significant career story in 712 brief pages. The Johnson, it is incredibly head-on in analysis and is refreshingly in energy. Caro himself is not inattentive about his research, frequently pausing to remind readers of the society of his discoveries. But the result is justified. He has documented Johnson's early years with a thoroughness unequalled by any previous biographer, telling for the first time the truth about Johnson's college experience, his relationship with Herman Brown and his 36-year-old wife, the better-known, more famous, his mother-in-law, Alice Glavin. Guardians of Johnson's basic character, he would think in horror at the power presented here. Caro has torn away the accumulated layers of myth and pretense to deliver the man naked and raw.

—MICHAEL PORTNOY

## Reckless woman of the world

ISAK DIENSTEN: THE LIFE OF A STORYTELLER  
By Judith Thurm  
(Pocket, 185 pages, \$17.95)

Few authors in the 20th century have been more photogenic than Isak Dinesen. Her face was a drop of pale skin hung on an elegant skull, with big, bewitching eyes that Thelma Capote once blazed to "velvet animals burrowed in a cave." In time it became as famous as the lean and beautiful nose contained in her few books of awareness. Taken and one of her most famous, *Out of Africa*. What emerges most prominently from Judith Thurm's slyly biographical biography is that Dinesen's physiognomy and art were only two aspects of a life that was in every way itself.

Born in the north in 1886 into the well-to-do Dinesen family, this extraordinary individual was originally named Karen. At odds with her maternal relations, who were practical and upholding, she took after her father, a soldier and author who had fought with Indians in North America and whose last extravagant gesture was to hang himself shortly before his 10th birthday. Rebellious by birth, Dinesen became a baroness by marriage to a cousin, Knud Hvidt, and, according to Thurm, "one of the most provocative and prodigal creatures who ever lived." They were married in 1913 in Africa, where they spent years trying to make a success of a coffee plantation. Though that farm was never profitable, the confident, colorful Dinesen's imagination in *Out of Africa*, published in 1938, she described a progression of a family as a family of rare, long-stemmed, speckled granite flowers slowly blooming.

Though Thurm's balanced efforts to link Dinesen's adventures, poetic mind to such philosophical sources as Nietzsche, Barbara Blom seems to have been distinctly a woman of the world. What she admired about the African warriors was, she wrote, "their particular form of intelligence which was old and wise." Besides worldly taste, she also had strong spiritual gifts. Her attachments to Africa, its land and its people were sincere and profound. Even after the discovery that her husband had taken a mistress, she stayed and after her rejection for divorce in 1922, she remained on the farm, it was only out of economic necessity that Dinesen went back to Denmark in 1931.

Thurm's plainly heralds Dinesen's return to Europe with the kind of con-

fronting fancy that sometimes inspires her otherwise steel-headed text. "Like all those souls who pay their debt to the bedrock and are forced to another shore, Karen Blom was naturally a little loath to disembark." Once removed from her beloved home, Dinesen was born a literary creature that, combined with personal allure, made her a legend. Since Gothic Tales, her first book, appeared in 1914. While Thurm does not cite reviews that might clarify how or why, the fanciful stories sparked international acclaim and popularity. In 1948, when Ernest Hemingway accepted his Nobel Prize, he mentioned the twice-nomnated Dinesen as one more deserving of the honor.

Sadly, reality could not avoid the devastating effects of disease in addition to syphilis. Dinesen suffered slurs and scorn. She could rely from her childhood to write to a friend in Rome, writing for Italian models so that she could be as fashionably stout as "the constant drug fever." But, in her last years, her work was regularly interrupted by illness and depression. In 1962 she died of what the doctor called "emaciation." The manner of her death was in keeping with the odd, brilliant, difficult, even enigmatic character that she brought so responsibly to others. After all, in 1938 Dinesen herself had written, "I know that I must not get fat, it is preferable for me to suffer the pangs of hunger, because being overweight means my style."

—DAVID LUTHERINGER

## MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

### Fiction

- 1 *Spies: A History* (1)
- 2 *Master of the Game* (Shirley 1)
- 3 *Different Seasons* (Ara 1)
- 4 *The Parnassus Mosaic* (Laurie 1)
- 5 *The World of Ishtar* (Maclean 1)
- 6 *The Medical Revolution* (Ara 1)
- 7 *2000: The Valley of the Gods* (1)
- 8 *The Odyssey of Maclean* (Ara 1)
- 9 *Revelations* (Ara 1)
- 10 *Maclean's Daughter* (Ara 1)

### Nonfiction

- 1 *Isak: An Intimate Portrait of the Legend* (Isak 1)
- 2 *The Unholy Alliance: A Portrait of Power* (Ara 1)
- 3 *Maclean's Handbook* (Ara 1)
- 4 *Why We Are Not Like Communists* (Ara 1)
- 5 *Honors and Hell in the USSR* (Ara 1)
- 6 *Isak and Isak's* (Ara 1)
- 7 *Isak and Isak's* (Ara 1)
- 8 *Isak and Isak's* (Ara 1)
- 9 *Isak and Isak's* (Ara 1)
- 10 *Isak and Isak's* (Ara 1)

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# Odd creatures great and small

## THE DARK CRYSTAL

Directed by Jon Neuman and Frank Oz

The *Dark Crystal* is a delightful surprise. Every few minutes something new pops up in this sweet and imaginative fantasy concocted by the creators of the Muppets. The charm of the television puppets has somewhat palled from overexposure. However, the creatures of *The Dark Crystal*—mechanically and electronically manipulated puppets—are much more styled and subtle in the way they look, speak and move than their parents and lily-padded confreres.

At first, *The Dark Crystal* is tough going. A clumsy creature sets up the skeleton of an overly familiar quest tale. Ages ago, the dark crystal power came into the control of the Skekts. The Skekts almost wiped out the Gelflings, only one of whom, Jen, was thought to be alive until he met Kira. Jen has been brought up by the Mystics, powerful all, Kira, by the Podlings, a group of hearty peasants who live underground and look like potatoes with faces. A new conjunction is imminent in the horizon, at which time the world will remain subjugated by the

Skekts unless Jen obtains a shard to the crystal.

The twists of plot in this movie do not matter as much as the twists of physiognomy. The creatures are amazingly alive in their mobility and some receive a life of their own denied by the more ordinary forms of puppetry. But their faces—and their characters—are Jim Henson's and Frank Oz's greatest achievements. The most successful group is the Skekts—ruthless, cruel, cawing, with their long, dripping snouts and jagged teeth. Dressed like reptilian servants of Dickens' Miss Havisham, they parade around attempting daintiness with their heavy, webbed feet. The Skekts are incredibly well-timed, most of the dully signifiers from *Cinderella*—and they wince away in garbled, old-maid voices. (There is a hilarious scene in which they eat and try to be delicate about it but give in to basic instincts and dine like pigs.)

The Gelflings, with their pink-black scaly skin—creatures—a cross between ogres and octopuses—are in the service of the Skekts. The Podlings and the Mystics have larger but softer snouts and more about with a music director. The most enjoyable creature in Anglia, an ancient secret with a mass of gray

hair adorned by cum's horns, who is given a wonderful voice by Rilla Whiteley. Anglia is devised and played as a cantankerous old bag who is not to be kidded. She has one eye, which can still see whether she takes it out and places it in her hand, she has two enormous breasts she carries around like shopping bags, and she has no patience with anyone.

While children should be entranced by this movie, they likely will be more than a little scared, too. The scenes of Kira and Kira being snarled, or of the Podlings being consumed, may strike some children as horrible, like *Dumbo* being taken away from his mother or *Bambi's* mother dying. Recklessness for a children's film. *The Dark Crystal's* ending does not feature the standard victory over evil but combines the two instead.

Despite the cheap special effects toward the end, the deft directing of the beginning and an earnest John Williams score, *The Dark Crystal* makes triumphant technology with humor and soul. In fact, *The Dark Crystal* may also be a step toward the first feminist fantasy movie when Jen, taken aback, sees Kira fly, he says, "I don't have wings." She replies, "Of course not. You're a boy!"

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

A Mystic keeps his place: the creatures assume a life of their own denied to the more ordinary forms of puppetry



Bridges (left), Cain and Palfy resurrecting the romantic slapstick comedy

## Laughs from beyond the grave

### KISS ME GOODBYE

Directed by Robert Malama

Kiss Me Goodbye is precisely the kind of film at which Hollywood used to excel: the slapstick romantic comedy. Loosely adapted from the Brazilian hit, *Como Fica com Two Hands*, the movie also recreates the almost farthest genre of the spoof-comedy—*Here Comes Mr. James*.

Forerunner Accepting the premise of a comedy in which the deceased husband, Jolly James Quip, returns to dangle the sleeves of his wife, Kay (Sally Field), who is about to be remarried, requires a great set of faith on the part of the viewer. But, unfortunately, only as the premise might merit it up at least as valid a premise as a sequel little creature being left behind on Earth when his intrepid bride heads back home.

Since this kind of comedy is a matter of taste, Kim Mc Goodbye will leave some helpings with laughter, while others will remain sleep-faced at the hopelessly old-fashioned idea of a playful ghost. When Sally Field is seen walking her dog, Shakespeare, during the opening credits, the viewer can expect the good company of vintage comedy, in which does (Asia in *The First Wives Club*, Smith in *The Anger Truth*, George in *Bringing Up Baby*) were as president as wisecracks. The husband-to-be will be a straightforward fellow who will have an exotic ending as in Cary Grant's pale-

ologist in *Baby*. This time, his name is Rupert (Jeff Bridges), and he is an Egyptologist. Kay's mother will despise him and prefer the memory of the vivacious Jolly. She will also wear a fancy, bell-shaped hat, and Rupert will ask her if it came with hairpins. During the squabbles he will say such things as "We, you're just saying this to hurt us."

The screenwriter, Charlie Peters, observes the atmosphere of daffy 1930s comedy, and the director, Robert Malama, manages, for the most part, to whip the film into not a too verbal confusions with encephalic timing. The situations arising from Jolly being visible and audible only to Kay are often hilarious (Bridges says to Kay, "I love your husband." Kay responds calmly to something Jolly has said and about some incidents). "They're just Aunt Edna's Field is utterly charming, and Jeff Bridges must surely be the only living actor who can make a come statement by making his wife, the ordinary northern-liv, Claire Travers turns in an old pro performance.

Movies like *Kiss Me Goodbye*—bana fide fantasies—have a sweetness that is sorely missed in modern entertainment and an intimacy in the way they stick to the rules of a genre. Kim Mc Goodbye is a rare instance of the unfashioned product that concedes its running. It feels like a snowflake, which is just about right for this time of year.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

## Brief encounters

**Trail of the Pink Panther** The latest Pink Panther movie is a better example of genre-robbing than of film-making. Director Blake Edwards has taken several footage from the earlier movies in the series and thrown them together into a patchy plot about the disappearance of Miss Jacques Chassagne (Peter Sellers, at various ages and states of imagination). A TV reporter (Dennis Leary) talks with Herbert Loe, David Niven, Capucine and others of their like who reminisce about the bungling sleuth. Every joke is played out twice and shoved down the throats of the audience. It is reasonably funny when Chassagne's desk catches fire for the first time, but when it ignites again, it is merely unattractive. Anyone who mistakenly walks into a theatre expecting a reasonable facsimile of a movie—or Sellers' slapstick talents—has every right to protest this small tragedy.

**Angels in the Sins** This time the *Angels* crew (Gale Knapton, Robert Flays and Peter Graves) head to the moon on a shuttle that goes out of kilter and heads for the sun. The result is more of the same lapid-crash-horror but with a few more sex puns. The sequel traffics in the exaggerated, first-aided joke, someone says something about the shuttle getting "down safe," and a safe falls from the ceiling of the control tower. There is plenty more when that one more from To give credit where credit is properly due, there is an amusing bit in which people hold their heads in agony while stepping off an elevator that has been blasting McArthur Park. Another sequel to this joke-enjoy-25-and-just is assured, as Hollywood continues to recycle itself endlessly.

**Honeyman Hunt** Clint Eastwood squints and says, "Here's to us again because we don't give up." This is about as funny as the new Eastwood can get. From there, it is all downhill for Eastwood, who plays an alcoholic country and western singer on his way to Nashville as an ailing aphorism (Cale Eastwood is only 36 in the Great Depression, the movie saddles from one scene to the next, painting pictures of what amounts to a shriveled bunch of grapes of wrath. The crop de grace, however, is a disease called sorghum which weighs heavily on Eastwood. His finally gets to play the Prisoner. (And it does not end the result of the movie that the country connoisseur looks as hostile as an Olympic disbeliever.)

—L. O'TO

# Santa Foth's blacklist revealed

By Allan Fotheringham

On Santa Foth, benevolent uncle to the nation, opens his sack, and the goodies pour out.

For 60-year-old Michael Pinfold, poor little rich kid, who has resigned as clerk of the Privy Council but is staying on as "special adviser" and has advised himself as to how to receive a \$50,000 pension when he is 65 (after receiving severance pay of \$107,800 when ousted by Joe Clark in 1979 before being reinstated in 1980 by Pierre Trudeau) a box of Berlin's pinkie up the tuxedo he has been wearing since his high school years.

For Ed Broadbent, a copy of the Criminal Code Case parson of it will reveal that there is no provision, punishable by jail against a politician displaying a sense of humor in public. (Tommy Douglas has languished outside prison for decades.) A man of moderate wit is private, in the manner of Oscar Levant with a PhD, Broadbent in public utterances comes on like a kid-wife. Knock it off, St. Santa knows all.

For Nelson Stedman, whose bankruptcy documents reveal that he has debts of \$30.6 million and assets of only \$9.3 million, including a \$60,000 1976 Rolls-Royce and "unknown" equity in a five-bed and one-1/2th of a motorboat, an introduction to Allan MacLachlan II, the nation's finances in the same principle for years and has been rewarded by being appointed external affairs minister, its private representative can also shared. Nelson should at least be appointed internal affairs minister. Alone.

For Joe Clark, a three-piece suit modified after that worn by Foushees Fawcett, the defective delectable, a Dick Tracy show-stone featured in Al Cap's costume strip, complete with griping bullet holes. This will be the fashion kit of the early Valentine's Day Massacre in Winnipeg in the new year, as Clark's closest friends will stick him in the front, like all good Tories. Brian Mulroney will be caught in the final Act, all of them head heavily with French mistletoe.

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for StarWeek News.

For Speaker Jeanne Sauvé, the prestigious diplomatic post (with an adequate clothing allowance) she is passionately desires, before House Leader Erik Nielsen, who last laughed in 1980, takes the gloves off and gets really rough on what will be the next Tory stripe attempting to throw the Conservatives into chaos and force an election, once Clark is confirmed in Winnipeg and before the Liberals can recapture Pierre Aging Trudeau.

For Lavorne Butler, the former Nelson Stedman mistress who is an uncredited creditor to the love of

this book of the season.

For Joe Turner, patron: It's the only possible solution, and even that may not be enough.

For Allan Lawrence, some perspective-shrinking pills and some outrageous belief medicine and a Betamax to watch his Question Period, luncheon, Oscar-winning performances that would make Shirley Temple write in envy.

Charlie Lynch once wrote that when God passed out compassion, Pierre Trudeau was hiding behind the door. Christiana Mulca-Norman says that the man's soul flew in that you can never tell how anything new, he knew it all the time Santa recommends, for the 63-year-old Northern Magee who is slippier than Magese, a personality transparent that will never let him confess he has just one teeny fault. If he did that broke up, if he wishes, into those nationally televised conversations, a grateful nation would forgive him his minor sin—in, breaking the country into East vs. West, destroying the Grits as a national party—and send him into blissful retirement, there to write a book on his humanity, the second-thinnest book of the season.

For Frances Bill Davis, the man who pushes the English language until it helps for help a compromised word processor to fit into his targets so as to strain out the phantasmagorical masses of mangled syntax, embroiled pervasiveness and the general fog of befudding, fragmentation and maddening. With Bill Davis speak English in 1987? This may help.

For Darcy McKenough, the next prime minister of Canadian patience. It will all come to him who waits.

For Harold Ballard, shut up.

For Wayne Cougle, can wishes only that your protesting tongue on the bench did not move so swiftly as your skates on the ice. You have already revolutionized our own sport by revealing the goats as Neanderthals and forcing others to retrain for speed and skill do not become the Bill Calley of commercial television.

For Don Macdonald, the royal commissioner to end all royal commissions, think it over carefully Santa knows.



\$140,000 better taste next time.

For Paul Martin Jr., who wants to be leader of the Liberal party, the change-of-name court.

For John Campagnolo, president of the Liberal Party of Canada, who must decide between a Senate seat and the attendant lifetime security or the less hermitic road, actually where she can still contemplate her leadership chances the warden to stay out of the Senate. There are too many round beliefs there.

For Steve Padnoski, a little more sensitive, please. For Ken Read, the championship.

For John Roberts, Herb Green, Gerald Regan, Eugene Whelan, Mark MacGillivray and Francis Fox, all of whom want to be leader of the Liberal party, a long look in the mirror. Be honest, Santa knows all.

For Gordon Kenner, head of the Western Cowboy Candidates, a free pass back to the broke-outgoing circuit and an urge to write his memoirs.



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